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THE
MUSES
Pocket Companion
a COLLECTION of
POEMS
By the most
Eminent Modern
AUTHORS



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THE



THE
MINSTREL:
OR, THE
PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

THE FIRST BOOK.

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb
Th' steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
Ah who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with fortune an eternal war!
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

B

II. And

II.

And yet, the language of inglorious days,
 Not equally oppressive is to all.
 Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
 The silence of neglect can ne'er appal.
 There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
 Wou'd shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump
 of Fame;
 Supremely blest if to their portion fall
 Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
 Had HE, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
 claim.

III.

This sapient age disclaims all classic lore;
 Else I should here in cunning phrase display,
 How forth THE MINSTREL fared in days of
 yore,
 Right glad of heart, though homely in array;
 His waving locks and beard all hoary grey;
 And, from his bending shoulder, decent hung
 His harp, the sole companion of his way,
 Which to the whistling wind responsive rung:
 And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

IV.

Fret not yourselves, ye silken sons of pride,
 That a poor wanderer should inspire my strain.
 The muses fortune's fickle smile deride,
 Nor ever bow the knee in Mammon's fane;
 For their delights are with the village train,
 Whom

Whom nature's laws engage, and nature's
charms:

They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain;
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of wealth
alarms.

V.

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes
adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn,
While warbling larks on ruflet pinions float;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill.
O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

VI.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind nature's hand;
Nor was perfection made for man below.
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness wo.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow,
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise;
Their plague and poison, lust and rapine grow;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

VII.

Then grieve not, thou to whom the indulgent
Muse

Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?
No ; let the heaven-taught soul, to heaven
aspire,

To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

VIII.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease and stupified with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence, abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

IX.

O how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her vot'ry yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,

And

And all that echoes to the song of even,
 All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
 And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
 O how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
 given !

X.

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
 health,
 And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
 But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
 E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart ;
 For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
 Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish
 scheme,
 The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
 The troublous day, and long distressful dream.
 Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purposed
 theme.

XI.

There liv'd in Gothic days, as legends tell,
 A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ;
 Whose fires, perchance, in Fairyland might
 dwell,
 Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady ;
 But he, I wèen, was of the north countrie :*

A na-

* There is hardly an ancient Ballad or Romance, where-
 in a Minstrel or Harper appears, but he is characterised, by

A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
 Zealous, yet modest ; innocent though free ;
 Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms,
 Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

XII.

The shepherd-swain of whom I mention made,
 On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
 The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd ;
 An honest heart was almost all his stock ;
 His drink the living water from the rock ;
 The milky dams supplied his board, and lent,
 Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock,
 And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
 Did guide and guard their wanderings wheresoever
 they went.

XIII.

From labour health, from health contentment
 springs.

Contentment opes the source of every joy.
 He envied not, he never thought of kings ;
 Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
 Which chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy ;

way of eminence, to have been "*Of the North countrie.*" It is probable that under this appellation were formerly comprehended all the provinces to the North of the Trent.

See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels.*

Nor

Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguiled;
 He mourn'd no recreant friend nor mistress coy,
 For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
 And her alone he loved, and loved her from a
 child.

XIV.

No jealousy their dawn of love o'ercast,
 Nor blasted were their wedded days with strife;
 Each season look'd delightful as it past,
 To the fond husband, and the faithful wife.
 Beyond the lowly vale of shepherd life
 They never roam'd; secure beneath the storm
 Which in Ambition's lofty land is rife,
 Where peace and love are canker'd by the worm
 Of pride, each bud of joy industrious deform.

XV.

The wight whose tale these artless lines unfold,
 Was all the offspring of this simple pair.
 His birth no oracle or seer foretold:
 No prodigy appear'd in earth or air,
 Nor aught that might a strange event declare.
 You guess each circumstance of EDWIN's birth;
 The parent's transport, and the parent's care;
 The Gossip's prayer for wealth, and wit, and
 worth,
 And one long summer-day of indolence and mirth.

XVI.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
 Deep thought oft seem'd to fix his infant eye.
 Dainties he heeded not, nor gaude, nor toy,

Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
 Silent when glad ; affectionate, though shy ;
 And now his look was most demurely sad,
 And now he laugh'd aloud, yet none knew why.
 The neighbours star'd and sigh'd, yet blest the
 lad :

Some deem'd him wond'rous wise, and some believ'd him mad.

XVII.

But why should I his childish feats display ?
 Concourse and noise, and toil he ever fled ;
 Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
 Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
 Or, roam'd at large the lonely mountain's
 head ;

Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
 To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led.

There would he wander wild, 'till Phœbus
 beam,

Shot from the western cliff, released the weary
 team.

XVIII.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
 To him nor vanity nor joy could bring.
 His heart, from cruel sport estranged, would
 bleed

To work the woe of any living thing,
 By trap, by net, by arrow, or by sling ;

These

These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield :
 He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
 Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field.
 And sure the sylvan reign unbloody joy might
 yield.

XIX.

Lo ! where the stripling, rapt in wonder, roves
 Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine ;
 And fees, on high, amidst the encircling groves
 From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine :
 While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
 And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
 Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
 For aught the huntsmen's puny craft supplies ?
 Ah ! no : he better knows great Nature's charms
 to prize.

XX.

And oft he traced the uplands, to survey,
 When o'er the sky advanced the kindling dawn,
 The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
 grey,
 And lake, dim-gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
 Far to the west, the long, long vale withdrawn,
 Where twilight loves to linger for a while ;
 And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
 And villager abroad at early toil.—
 But lo ! the sun appears ! and heaven, earth, ocean
 smile.

XXI.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
 When all in mist the world below was lost.
 When dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
 Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
 And view the enormous waste of vapour, tost
 In billows, lengthening to the horizon round,
 Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now embos'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
 Flocks, herds, and waterfalls along the hoar profound!

XXII.

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
 Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene.
 In darkness, and in storm, he found delight:
 Nor less than when an ocean-wave serene
 The southern sun diffused his dazzling sphere.
 Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
 And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
 And down his cheeks a tear of pity roll,
 A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to controul.

XXIII.

' O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom!

(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought.)
 Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,

Of

Of late so grateful in the hour of drought !
 Why do the birds, that song and rapture
 brought
 To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
 Ah ! why has fickle chance this ruin wrought ;
 For now the storm howls mournful through
 the brake,
 And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

XXIV.

‘ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
 And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
 crown’d !
 Ah ! see th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
 Have all the solitary vale embrown’d ;
 Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
 sound,
 The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :
 And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,
 Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful
 fway,
 Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks
 away.

XXV.

‘ Yet such the destiny of all on earth :
 So flourishes and fades majestic man.
 Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
 And fostering gales a while the nursing fan.
 O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews
 wan,

Ye

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
 Nor lessen of his life the little span.
 Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of
 Time,
 Old-age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

XXVI.

‘ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
 Whose hopes still grovel in this dark sojourn.
 But lofty souls who look beyond the tomb,
 Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
 Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return?
 Is yonder wave the sun’s eternal bed?—
 Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
 And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
 Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

XXVII.

‘ Shall I be left abandon’d in the dust,
 When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
 Shall nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
 Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to live?
 Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
 With disappointment, penury, and pain?—
 No : Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive ;
 And man’s majestic beauty bloom again,
 Bright through th’ eternal year of Love’s tri-
 umphant reign.’

XXVIII. This

XXVIII.

This truth sublime his simple fire had taught,
 In sooth, 'twas all the simple shepherd knew,
 No subtle or superfluous lore he sought,
 Nor ever wish'd his Edwin to pursue.

' Let man's own sphere, (quoth he) confine his
 view,

Be man's peculiar work his sole delight.'
 And much, and oft, he warn'd him to eschew
 Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the right,
 By pleasure unseduced, unawed by lawless might.

XXIX.

' And, from the prayer of Want, and plaint
 of Wo,

O never, never turn away thine ear,
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Ah! what were men, should Heaven refuse to
 hear!

To others do (the law is not severe)
 What to thyself thou wishest to be done.
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land; nor those alone;
 All human weal and wo learn thou to make thine
 own.

XXX.

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
 The visionary boy from shelter fly!
 For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,

And

And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky !
 And lo ! in the dark east, expanded high,
 The rainbow brightens to the setting sun ;
 Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory
 nigh,
 How vain the chace thine ardour has begun !
 'Tis fled afar, ere half thy purposed race be run.

XXXI.

Yet could'st thou learn, that thus it fares with
 age,
 When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
 warm,
 This baffled hope might tame thy manhood's
 rage,
 And disappointment of her sting disarm.—
 But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm?
 Perish the lore that deadens young desire !
 Pursue, poor imp, th' imaginary charm,
 Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy's pleasing fire :
 Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves
 expire.

XXXII.

When the long sounding curfew from afar
 Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
 Young Edwin lighted by the evening star,
 Lingerin' and listenin', wander'd down the vale.
 There would he dream of graves, and coarces
 pale ;

And

And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
 And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
 Till silenced by the owl's terrific song,
 Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles
 along.

XXXIII.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
 Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
 To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
 Where Fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
 And there let Fancy roam at large, till sleep
 A vision brought to his intranced sight.
 And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
 Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
 With instantaneous gleam, illumed the vault of
 Night.

XXXIV.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
 Arose, the trumpet bids the vales unfold:
 And forth an host of little warriors march,
 Grasping the diamond's lance, and targe of gold.
 Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
 And green their helms, and green their silk
 attire:

And here and there, right venerably old.
 The long-robed minstrels wake the warbling
 wire,
 And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
 inspire.

XXXV. With

XXV

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance ;
To right, to left, they thrud the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance

Rapid along : with many colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
blaze.

XX XVI.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticleer : who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy curfed scream, difcordant ftill,
Let Harmony aye fhut her gentle ear :
Thy boaftful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Infult thy creft, and glosfy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthlefs fox appear.

XXXVII.

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so,
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who

Who feels from every change amusement flow?
 Even now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
 As on he wanders through the scene of morn,
 Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
 Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
 A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are borne.

XXXVIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
 'The wild brook babbling down the mountain
 side;
 The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
 In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
 The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
 The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
 The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

XXXIX.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
 Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
 sings;
 The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and,
 hark!
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
 rings;
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
 springs;

Slow

Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour.

XL.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing the glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I 'scaped the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody,

XLI.

Hence ! ye, who snare, and stupify the mind,
Sophists of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse
 should deign
(Though loath on theme so mean to waste a
 rhyme),
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious
 crime.

XLII. But

XLII.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true fons, the friends of man and
truth!

Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amused my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom sooth,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
guide!

Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth;
For well I know, where-ever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

XLIII.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door.
'Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the Beldam 'gan impart,
Or chant the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

XLIV.

Various and strange was the long-winded tale;
And halls, and knights, and feats of arms display'd;
Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
And

And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid ;
 The moon-light revel of the fairy glade ;
 Or hags, that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade*,
 Midst fiends and spectres, quench the moon in
 blood,
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
 flood.

XLV.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the Beldam would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a tale of woes,
 The orphan-babes, and guardian uncle fierce.
 O cruel ! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre fear'd to stone !
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan,
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts un-
 done.

XLVI.

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles
 torn†,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die.
 'Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,

* Allusion to SHAKESPEAR.

Macbeth. How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
 What is't you do ?

Witches. A deed without a Name,

† See the fine old ballad, called, *The Children in the Wood.*

Folded

Folded in one anothers arms they lie ;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry :
 ‘ For from the town the man returns no more.’
 But thou, who Heaven’s just vengeance dar’st
 defy,

This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When death lays waste thy house, and flames consume
 thy store.

XLVII.

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
 Brighten’d one moment Edwin’s starting tear.
 ‘ But why should gold man’s feeble mind decoy,
 And Innocence thus die by doom severe ?’
 O Edwin ; while thy heart is yet sincere,
 Th’ assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
 Dark even at noon tide is our mortal sphere ;
 But let us hope,——to doubt is to rebel,——
 Let us exult in hope that all shall yet be well.

XLVIII.

Nor be thy generous indignation check’d,
 Nor check’d the tender tear to misery given :
 From Guilt’s contagious power shall that protect,
 This soften and refine the soul for heaven.
 But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt hath
 driven

To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
 Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
 Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
 But frown on all that pass, a monument of wo.

XLIX. Shall

XLIX.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
 Scarce fill the circle of one summer-day,
 Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
 Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
 If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
 If but a momentary shower descend !
 Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree
 gain say,
 Which bade the series of events extend
 Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages with-
 out end !

L.

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
 Through the dark medium of life's feverish
 dream ;
 Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
 If but that little part incongruous seem.
 Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
 Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
 O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
 That aims to trace the secrets of the skies ;
 For thou art but of dust ; be humble, and be wise.

LI.

Thus Heaven enlarged his soul in riper years.
 For Nature gave him strength, and fire, to soar
 On Fancy's wing, above this vale of tears ;

Where

Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping pore
 Through Microscope of metaphysic lore :
 And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
 For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
 This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
 Yet deem the darkness light, and their vain blun-
 ders wit.

LII.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
 Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
 Oft chear'd the shepherds round her social
 hearth ;
 Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
 To purchase chat or laughter at the price
 Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
 That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice.—
 Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
 Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

LIII.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
 He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
 The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
 High-towering, sail along the horizon blue :
 Where 'midst the changeful scenery ever new
 Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries
 More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
 Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size ;
 And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts
 rise.

LIV. Thence

LIV.

Thence musing onward to the founding shore,
 The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
 Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
 Of the wild-weltering waves. In black array
 When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal
 day,
 Even then he hasted from the haunt of man,
 Along the darkening wilderness to stray,
 What time the lightening's fierce career began,
 And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder
 ran.

LV.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe when all
 In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd,
 Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
 From the rude gambol far remote reclined,
 Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
 Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly,
 To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refined,
 Ah what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
 When with the charm compared of heavenly me-
 lancholy?

LVI.

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
 Ah me! how is that rugged heart forlorn!
 Is there who ne'er those mystic transports felt

Of

Of solitude and melancholy born ?
 He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.
 The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;
 Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page ; or
 mourn,
 And delve for life, in Mammon's dirty mine ;
 Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glut-
 ton swine.

LVII.

For Edwin Fate a nobler doom had plann'd :
 Song was his favourite and first pursuit.
 The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,
 And languish'd to his breath the plaintive flute,
 His infant muse, though artless, was not mute :
 Of elegance as yet he took no care ;
 For this of time and culture is the fruit ;
 And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :
 As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

LVIII.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,
 Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,
 By chance, or search was offer'd to his view,
 He scann'd with curious and romantic eye.
 Whate'er of lore tradition could supply
 From Gothic tale, or song, or fable old,
 Rouz'd him still keen to listen and to pry.
 At last, though long by penury control'd,
 And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

LIX.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
 For many a long month lost in snow profound,
 When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
 And in their northern cave the storms hath
 bound;
 From silent mountains, straight, with startling
 found,
 Torrents are hurl'd; green hills emerge; and lo,
 The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
 crown'd;
 Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go;
 And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart
 o'erflow.*

LX.

Here pause my Gothic lyre, a little while.
 The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
 But if ***** on this labour smile,
 New strains ere long shall animate thy frame;
 And his applause to me is more than fame:
 For still with truth accords his taste refined.
 At lucre or renown let others aim,
 I only wish to please the gentle mind,
 Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of hu-
 man kind.

* Spring and Autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear of a sudden full of grass and flowers.



THE
M I N S T R E L:
OR, THE
PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

THE SECOND BOOK.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet infitam,
Rectique cultus pectore roborant.*

HORAT.

I.

OF chance or change O let not man complain,
Ere shall he never never cease to wail ;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale ;
All the assault of fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,

And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents
have bloom'd.*

II.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas, we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is
mine.

III.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a-day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song

* See PLATO's *Timeus*.

IV. ' Perish

IV.

Perish the lore that deadens young desire
 Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
 Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not
 aspire
 To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
 On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
 Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy;
 But now and then the shades of life explore;
 Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy.
 And many a qualm of care his rising hopes de-
 stroy.

V.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows
 The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
 Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
 But ah it withers in the chilling hour.
 Mark yonder oaks : Superior to the power
 Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
 And from the stormy promontory tower,
 They toss their giant arms amid the skies,
 While each assailing blast encrease of strength
 supplies.

VI,

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
 Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
 And walks of wider circuit was his choice,
 And vales more wide, and mountains more
 sublime.

One evening as he framed the careless rhyme,
 It was his chance to wander far abroad,
 And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
 Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
 A vale appeared below, a deep retir'd abode.

VII.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene ;
 For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell.
 Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy
 green,
 Fenced from the north and east this savage dell ;
 Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
 Whose long long groves eternal murmur made ;
 And towards the western sun a streamlet fell,
 Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote
 survey'd
 Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
 array'd.

VIII.

Along this narrow valley you might see
 The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
 And here and there, a solitary tree,
 Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
 Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
 Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
 And from the summit of that craggy mound
 The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
 Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

IX. One

IX.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
 Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
 Where many a rose-bud rears his blushing head,
 And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
 Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream
 Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul :
 He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
 Ner heard from far the twilight curfew toll ;—
 When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole.

X.

' Hail, awful scenes that calm the troubled
 breast,
 And woo the weary to profound repose ;
 Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
 And whisper comfort to the man of woes !
 Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
 And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
 O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
 When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
 Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.'

XI.

' Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
 Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
 To friends, attendants, armies, bought with
 hire ?

It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—
 To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
 They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :
 To hosts, through carnage who to conquest
 wade ?

Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
 Behold, what deeds of woe the locusts can perform !

XII.

‘ True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
 Virtue has raised above the things below,
 Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
 Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
 blow.’

—This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard
 to flow
 In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening
 star ;
 And from embattled clouds emerging flow
 Cynthia came riding on her silver car ;
 And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

XIII.

‘ Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;
 (While Edwin rapt in wonder listening stood)
 Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
 Scorn'd by the wise and hated by the good !
 Ye only can engage the servile brood

Of

Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
 Ashamed of truth and liberty, have woo'd,
 And hug'd the chain, that glittering on their
 gaze
 Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empty-
 ' real blaze.

XIV.

' Like them, abandon'd to Ambition's sway,
 I fought for glory in the paths of guile ;
 And fawn'd and finil'd to plunder and betray,
 Myself betray'd and plunder'd all the while :
 So gnaw'd the viper the corroding file.
 But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
 Those years of trouble and debasement vile—
 Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue !
 Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my
 view.'

XV.

' The gusts of appetite the clouds of care,
 And storms of disappointment all o'erpass,
 Henceforth no earthly hope with heaven shall
 share
 This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
 And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
 And if no future age shall hear my name,
 I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
 And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
 Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
 fame.'

XVI.

' The end and the reward of toil is rest.
 Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace,
 Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power poss-
 ess'd,
 Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease !
 Ah ! what avails the love of Rome and Greece,
 The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious
 string,
 The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
 All that art, fortune, enterprize can bring,
 If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring !

XVII.

' Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
 With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
 nown,
 In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
 Where night and desolation ever frown.
 Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down :
 — Where a green grassy turf is all I crave, —
 With here and there a violet bestrown,
 Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave ;
 And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
 grave.

And celebrate the merry morn of May.
 There let the shepherd's pipe the live long day
 Fill all the grove with love's bewitching wo;
 And when mild evening comes with mantle grey,
 Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
 No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall
 know.

XIX.

• For though I fly to escape from Fortune's rage,
 And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
 Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
 Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
 For virtue lost, and ruin'd man I mourn.
 O Man, creation's pride, heaven's darling child,
 Whom nature's best divinest gifts adorn,
 Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
 And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
 defiled!

XX.

• Along one glittering sky what glory streams!
 What Majesty attends night's lovely queen!
 Fair laugh our vallies in the vernal beams;
 And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
 And all conspire to beautify the scene.
 But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
 What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
 mein!
 O when, shall that eternal morn appear,
 These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark
 to clear!

XXI. • O

XXI.

' O Thou, at whose creative smile, yon heaven,
 In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
 Rose from th' abyfs; when dark Confusion,
 driven
 Down down the bottomless profound of night,
 Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
 O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
 To blast the fury of oppressive might,
 Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
 And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
 the way.'

XXII.

Silence ensued; and Edwin raised his eyes
 In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
 ' And is it thus in courtly life' (he cries)
 That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
 And dares he thus the gifts of heaven pervert,
 Each social instinct, and sublime desire!—
 Hail Poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
 If what the great pursue, and learn'd admire,
 Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!'

XXIII.

He said, and turn'd away; nor did the Sage
 Overhear, in silent orisons employ'd.
 The Youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
 Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy'd:
 For now no cloud obscures the starry void?

The

The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
 Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy'd,
 A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
 Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

XXIV.

But he from day to day more anxious grew.
 The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear.
 Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue;
 For man he seem'd to love, and heaven to fear;
 And none speaks false, where there is none
 to hear.
 ' Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell!
 No more in vain conjecture let me wear
 My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell!
 'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care dispel.'

XXV.

At early dawn the Youth his journey took,
 And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
 Then reach'd the wild; where, in a flowery
 nook,
 And seated on a mossy stone, he spied
 An antient man: his harp lay him beside.
 A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
 And, kneeling, lick'd the wither'd hand, that
 tied
 A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
 And hung his lofty neck with many a floweret
 small.

XXVI. And

XXVI.

And now the hoary sage arose, and saw
 The wanderer approaching: innocence
 Smiled on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
 Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence.
 ' Who art thou, courteous stranger? and from
 whence?
 Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale?
 A shepherd-boy (the youth replied) far hence
 My habitation; hear my artless tale!
 Nor levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

XXVII.

' Late as I roam'd, intent on Nature's charms,
 I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound;
 And leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
 Heard those rude cliffs thine awful voice re-
 bound,
 (For in thy speech I recognise the sound.)
 You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
 And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
 Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,
 Or in the giddy storm of dissipation tofs'd.

XXVIII.

' But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
 Where knowledge opens, and exalts the soul;
 Where fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
 Can selfishness the liberal art control!

Is glory there atchiev'd by arts, as foul
 As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
 Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tygers prowl ;
 Love is the godlike attribute of man.
 O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan.

XXIX.

' Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
 And give me back the calm, contented mind ;
 Which, late, exulting, view'd in Nature's
 frame,
 Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfined,
 Grace, grandeur, and utility combine.
 Restore those tranquil days, that saw me still
 Well-pleased with all, but most with human-
 kind ;
 When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works
 at will,
 Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd
 of ill.'

XXX.

' Wouldst thou (the Sage replied) in peace
 return

To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth,
 Leave me to hide, in this remote sojourn,
 From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :

For

For if my desultory strain with ruth
 And indignation make thine eyes o'erflow,
 Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish sooth,
 Shouldst thou th' extent of human folly know.
 Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads
 to wo.'

XXXI.

' But let untender thoughts afar be driven,
 Nor venture to arraign the dread decree :
 For know, to man, a candidate for heaven,
 The voice of The Eternal said, Be free :
 And this divine prerogative to thee
 Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
 For virtue is the child of liberty,
 And happiness of virtue ; nor can they
 Be free to keep the path who are not free to stray.

XXXII.

' Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
 Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
 And in thy converse I shall find relief,
 When the dark shades of melancholy lower ;
 For solitude has many a dreary hour,
 Even when exempt from grief, remorse, and
 pain :
 Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
 Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may'st
 gain :

If I one soul improve, I have not lived in vain.'

XXXIII. And

XXXIII.

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
 The Muse of history unrolls her page.
 But few alas ! the scenes her art displays,
 To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
 Her Chiefs their thirst of power in blood as-
 suage,
 And straight their flames with tenfold fierce-
 ness burn :
 Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
 But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn,
 And languish in the dust, and clasp the aban-
 don'd urn.'

XXXIV.

' Ah, what avails (he said) to trace the springs
 That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel !
 Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
 Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt
 with steel !
 To those, whom Nature taught to think and
 feel,
 Heroes, alas ! are things of small concern.
 Could History man's secret heart reveal,
 And what imports a heaven-born mind to
 learn,
 Her transcripts to explore, what bosom would
 not yearn !'

XXXV. ' This

XXXV.

‘ This praise, O Cheronean Sage*, is thine,
 (Why should this praise to thee alone belong)
 All else from Nature’s moral path decline,
 Lured by the toys that captivate the throng ;
 To herd in cabinets and camps, among
 Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride ;
 Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
 How tyrant blood, o’er many a region wide,
 Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

XXXVI.

‘ O who of man the story will unfold,
 Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
 In that Elysian age (misnamed of gold)
 The age of love, and innocence, and joy,
 When all were great and free ! man’s sole
 employ
 To deck the bosom of his parent earth ;
 Or towards his bower the murmuring stream
 decoy,
 To aid the floweret’s long-expected birth,
 And hush the bed of peace, and crown the board
 of mirth.

• PLUTARCH.

XXXVII. ‘ Sweet,

XXXVII.

‘ Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval
groves,

Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eyes still smiling, and his heart content.

Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour went.

Nature supplied the wish she taught to crave.

None prowled for prey, none watch’d to circumvent.

To all an equal lot Heaven’s bounty gave :

No vassal fear’d his lord, no tyrant fear’d his slave.

XXXVIII.

‘ But ah ! th’ Historick Muse has never dared
To pierce those hallow’d bowers : ’tis Fancy’s
beam

Pour’d on the vision of th’ enraptured Bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.

Then hail sweet Fancy’s ray ! and hail the dream

‘ That weans the weary soul from guilt and wo !

Careless what others of my choice may deem,

I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,

And meditate on heaven ; enough of earth I
know.’

XXXIX.

‘ I cannot blame thy choice (the Sage replied)

For soft and smooth are Fancy’s flowery ways.

• And yet, even there, if left without a guide,

The young adventurer unsafely plays.

Eyes

Eyes dazzled long by Fiction's gaudy rays
 In modest Truth no light nor beauty find.
 And who, my child, would trust the meteor-
 blaze,

That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer
 blind,
 More dark and helpless far, than if it ne'er had
 shined ?

XL.

Fancy enervates, while it soothes the heart,
 And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight :
 To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
 But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
 And often, where no real ills affright,
 Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
 Affail with equal or superior might,
 And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy
 brain,
 And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
 mortal pain.

XLI.

And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
 Claim the full vigour of a mind prepared,
 Prepar'd for patient, long, laborious strife,
 Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
 We fare on earth as other men have fared ?
 Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
 Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?
 Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare,
 How they have borne the load ourselves are doom'd
 to bear.

XLII. What

XLII.

‘ What charms th’ Historic Muse adorn, from
 spoils,
 And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her
 flight,
 To hail the patriot Prince, whose pious toils
 Sacred to science, liberty and right,
 And peace, through every age divinely bright
 Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
 Sees yonder sun from his meridian height.
 A lovelier scene, than Virtue thus inshrined
 In power, and man with man for mutual aid com-
 bined.

XLIII.

‘ Hail sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d !
 Hail sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain’d !
 Without you what were man ? A groveling
 herd
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain’d.
 Sublimed by you, the Greek and Roman
 reign’d
 In arts unrival’d : O, to latest days,
 In Albion may your influence unprofaned
 To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
 And prompt the Sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s
 lays.

XLIV.

—‘ But now let other themes our care engage.
 For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
 To curb Imagination’s lawless rage,
 And from within the cherish’d heart to brace,
 Phil-

Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
 By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
 Fear, Discontent, Solitude give place,
 And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
 While on the kindling soul her vital beams are
 shed.

XLV.

* Then waken from long lethargy to life*
 The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought :
 Then jarring appetites forgeo their strife,
 A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
 Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
 With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
 With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
 Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests
 howl ;

As Phœbus to the world, is Science to the Soul.

XLVI.

* And Reason now through Number, Time,
 and Space,
 Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
 And learns from facts compared the laws to
 trace,
 Whose long progression leads to Deity.

* The influence of the Philosophic Spirit,—in humanizing
 the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and deli-
 cate pleasure ;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the
 system of the universe ;—in banishing superstition ;—in pro-
 moting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and po-
 litical science ;—from Stanza XLV, to Stanza LV.

Can mortal strength presume to soar so high !
 Can mortal sight, so oft bedim'd with tears,
 Such glory bear !—for lo, the shadows fly
 From Nature's face ; Confusion disappears,
 And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears.

XLVII.

‘ In the deep windings of the grove, no more
 The hag unseen, and grisly phantom dwell ;
 Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
 Of winds, is heard the angry spirits yell ;
 No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
 Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
 Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
 To ease of fancied pangs the labouring moon,
 Or chase the shades that blot the blazing orb of
 noon.

XLVIII.

‘ Many a long lingering year, in lonely isle,
 Stun'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
 Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
 And trembling hands, the famish'd native
 craves
 Of Heaven his wretched fare ; shivering in
 caves,
 Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day ;
 But Science gives the word ; and lo, he braves
 The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
 And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

XLIX. ‘ And

XLIX.

' And even where Nature loads the teeming
 plain
 With the full pomp of vegetable store,
 Her bounty, unimproved, is deadly bane :
 Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
 shore,
 Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to ex-
 plore
 Even Fancy trembles, in her sprightliest mood ;
 For there, each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
 Nestles each murderous and each monstrous
 brood,
 Plague lurks in every shade, and streams from
 every flood.

L.

' 'Twas from Philosophy man learn'd to tame
 The foil by plenty to intemperance fed.
 Lo, from the echoing ax, and thundering
 flame,
 Poison and plague and yielding rage are fled.
 The waters, bursting from their slimy bed,
 Bring health and melody to every vale :
 And from the breezy main, and mountain's
 head,
 Ceres and Flora, to the sunny dale,
 To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering
 gale.

LI. ' What

LI.

' What dire necessities on every hand
 Our art, our strength, our fortitude require ?
 Of foes intestine what a numerous band
 Against this little throb of life conspire !
 Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
 A while, and turn aside Death's level'd dart,
 Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever's fire,
 And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
 heart,
 And yet a few soft nights and balmy days impart.

LII.

' Nor less to regulate man's moral frame
 Science exerts her all-composing sway.
 Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
 Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
 Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
 Flee to the shade of Academus' grove ;
 Where cares molest not, discord melts away
 In harmony, and the pure passions prove
 How sweet the words of truth breathed from the
 lips of Love.

LIII.

' What cannot Art and Industry perform,
 When Science plans the progress of their toil !
 They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
 And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.

D

When

When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
 A land, or when the rabble's headlong rage
 Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
 Deep-versed in man the philosophic Sage
 Prepares with lenient hand their phrenzy to as-
 suage.

LIV.

'Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
 From situation, temper, soil, and clime
 Explored, a nation's various power can bind
 And various orders, in one Form sublime
 Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
 Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
 Th' assault of foreign or domestic crime,
 While public faith, and public love sincere,
 And Industry and Law maintain their sway severe.'

LV.

Enraptured by the Hermit's strain the Youth
 Proceeds the path of Science to explore.
 And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
 New energies, and charms unknown before,
 His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
 Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
 But, fix'd in aim, and conscious of her power,
 Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
 Creation's blended stores arranging as she flies.

LVI.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires, -
 Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
 For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
 And of the services man owes to man,

He

He meditates new arts on Nature's plan ;
 The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
 The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
 And Emulation's noble rage alarm,
 And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to charm.

LVII.

But She who set on fire his infant heart,
 And all his dreams, and all his wanderings
 shared

And bless'd the Muse and her celestial art,
 Still claim'd th' Enthusiast's fond and first re-
 gard.

From Nature's beauties variously compared
 And variously combined, he learns to frame
 Those forms of bright perfection, which the
 Bard,

While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
 flame,

Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

LVIII.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous
 show,

Edwin would oft his flowry rhyme deface,
 Through ardour to adorn ; but Nature now
 To his experienced eye a modest grace
 Presents, where Ornament the second place
 Holds to intrinsic worth and just design
 Subservient still. Simplicity apace

Tempers his rage : he owns her charm divine,
 And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th'
 unwieldy line.

LIX.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
 What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
 When the great Shepherd of the Mantuan
 plains*
 His deep majestic melody 'gan to roll :
 Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his
 soul,
 How the red current throb'd his veins along,
 When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
 Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
 Homer rais'd high to heaven the loud, th' impetuous song.

LX.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious
 maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing :—but ah ! I strive in vain.—
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.—
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train,
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around
 And, mix'd with shrieks of woe, the knells of
 death resound.

LXI.

* VIRGIL.

LXI.

Adieu, ye lays, that fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind !
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn,
 He, whom each Virtue fired, each grace refined,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of man-
 kind ! *—

He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how shall I pursue
 My theme,—To heart-consuming grief re-
 sign'd

Here on this recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays,
 adieu !

LXII.

Art thou, my G*****, for ever fled !
 And am I left to unavailing woe !
 When fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely
 snow,

Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go !
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—
 'Tis meet that I should mourn :—flow forth afresh
 my tears.

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

OWEN OF CARRON.

A

P O E M.

BY DR. LANGHORNE.

Inscribed to a LADY.

OWEN or CLARKE

P. O. E. M.

BY DR. J. A. CLARKE

Published by J. A. CLARKE

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

T H E R E is something Romantic in the Story of the following POEM ; but the Author has his Reasons for believing that there is something likewise, Authentic. On the simple Circumstances of the ancient Narrative, from which He first borrowed his Idea, those *Reasons* are principally founded, and they are supported by others, with which, in a Work of this Kind, to trouble his Readers would be superfluous.

OWEN OF CARRON.

ON CARRON's side the primrose pale,
 Why does it wear a purple hue ?
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale,
 Why stream your eyes with pity's dew ?

'Tis all with gentle OWEN's blood
 That purple grows the primrose pale ;
 That pity pours the tender flood
 From each fair eye in Marlivale.

The evening star fate in his eye,
 The sun his golden tresses gave,
 The north's pure morn her orient dye,
 To him who rests in yonder grave !

Beneath no high, historic stone,
 Tho' nobly born, is OWEN laid,
 Stretch'd on the green wood's lap alone,
 He sleeps beneath the waving shade.

There many a flowery race hath sprung,
 And fled before the mountain gale,
 Since first his simple dirge ye sung ;
 Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

Yet still, when May with fragrant feet,
 Hath wander'd o'er your meads of gold,
 That Dirge I hear so simply sweet
 Far echoes from each evening fold.

'Twas

II.

'Twas in the pride of WILLIAM'S * Days,
 When Scotland's honours flourished still,
 That Moray's Earl, with mighty sway,
 Bore rule o'er many a Highland hill.

And far for him their fruitful store
 The fairest plains of Carron spread,
 In Fortune rich, in offspring poor,
 An only daughter crown'd his Bed.

Oh ! write not poor—the wealth that flows
 In waves of Gold round India's throne,
 All in her shining breast that glows,
 To Ellen's † charms, were earth and stone.

For her the Youth of Scotland sigh'd,
 The Frenchman gay, the Spaniard grave,
 And smoother Italy applied,
 And many an English Baron brave.

In vain by foreign arts assail'd,
 No foreign loves her breast beguile,
 And England's honest valour fail'd,
 Paid with a cold but courteous smile.

* William the Lyon, King of Scotland.

† The Lady Ellen, only daughter of John Earl of Moray, betrothed to the Earl of Nithisdale, and afterwards to the Earl Barnard, was esteemed one of the finest women in Europe, insomuch that she had several suitors and admirers from Foreign Courts.

“ Ah ! woe to thee, young Nithisdale,
That o’er thy cheek those roses stray’d,
Thy breath, the violet of the vale,
Thy voice, the music of the shade !

“ Ah ! woe to thee, that Ellen’s love
Alone to thy soft tale would yield !
For soon those gentle arms shall prove
The conflict of a ruder field.”

’Twas thus a wayward sister spoke,
And cast a rueful glance behind,
As from her dimwood glen she broke,
And mounted on the moaning wind.

She spoke and vanish’d—more unmov’d
Than Moray’s rocks, when storms invest,
The valiant youth by Ellen lov’d
With aught that fear, or fate suggest.

For love, methinks, hath power to raise
The soul above a vulgar state ;
Th’ unconquer’d banners he displays
Controul our fears, and fix our fate.

III.

’Twas when, on summer’s softest eve,
Of clouds that wander’d west away,
Twilight with gentle hand did weave
Her fairy robe of night and day.

When

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore,
 And the sun sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore*.

Led by those waking dreams of thought
 That warm the young unpractis'd breast,
 Her wonted bower sweet Ellen sought,
 And Carron murmur'd near, and sooth'd her
 into rest.

IV.

There is some kind and courtly sprite,
 That o'er the realm of fancy reigns,
 Throws sunshine on the mask of night,
 And smiles at slumber's powerless chains;

'Tis told and I believe the tale,
 At this soft hour the sprite was there,
 And spread with fairer flowers the vale,
 And fill'd with sweeter sounds the air.

A bower he fram'd (for he could frame
 What long might weary mortal wight :
 Swift as the lightning's rapid frame
 Darts on the unsuspecting fight.)

Such bower he fram'd with magic hand
 As well that wizzard bard hath wove,
 In scenes where fair Armida's Wand
 Wav'd all the witcheries of love.

* A chain of mountains running through Scotland from East to West.

Yet was it wrought in simple shew ;
 Nor Indian Mine nor orient shore
 Had lent their glories here to glow,
 Or yielded here their shining stores.

All round a poplar's trembling arms
 The wild rose wound her damask flower ;
 The woodbine lent her spicy charms,
 That loves to weave the lover's bower.

The ash that courts the mountain-air,
 In all her painted blooms array'd,
 The wilding's blossom blushing fair,
 Combin'd to form the flowery shade
 With thyme that loves the brown hill's breast,
 The cowslip's sweet reclining head,
 The violet of sky woven vest,
 Was all the fairy ground bespread.

But, who is he, whose looks so fair
 Adown his manly shoulders flow ;
 Beside him lies the hunter's spear,
 Beside him sleeps the warrior's bow.

He bends to Ellen—(gentle sprite,
 Thy sweet seductive arts forbear)
 He courts her arms with fond delight,
 And instant vanishes in air.

V.

Hast thou not found at early dawn
 Some soft ideas melt away,
 If o'er sweet vale, or flowery lawn,
 The sprite of dreams hath bid thee stray ?

Hast

Hast thou not some fair object seen,
 And, when the fleeting form was past,
 Still on thy memory found its mein,
 And felt the fond idea last ?
 Thou hast—and oft the pictur'd view,
 Seen in some vision counted vain,
 Has struck thy wondering eye anew,
 And brought the long lost dream again.
 With warrior-bow, with hunter's spear,
 With locks adown his shoulders spread,
 Young Nithisdale is ranging near—
 He's ranging near yon mountain's head.
 Scarce had one pale moon pass'd away,
 And fill'd her silver urn again,
 When in the devious chace to stray,
 Afar from all his woodland train.
 To Carron's banks his fate consign'd,
 And, all to shun the fervid hour,
 He sought some friendly shade to find,
 And found the visionary bower.

VI.

Led by the golden star of love,
 Sweet Ellen took her wonted way,
 And in the deep defending Grove
 Sought refuge from the fervid day.—
 Oh !—who is he whose ringlets fair
 Disorder'd o'er his green vest flow,
 Reclin'd in rest—whose sunny hair
 Half hides the fair cheek's ardent glow ?

Tis he, that sprite's illusive guest,
 (Ah me! that sprites can fate controul !)
 That lives still imag'd on her breast,
 That lives still pictur'd in her soul.

As when some gentle spirit fled
 From earth to breathe Elysian air,
 And, in the train whom we call dead,
 Perceives its long-lov'd partner there.

Soft, sudden pleasure rushes o'er
 Resistless, o'er its airy frame,
 To find its future fate restore
 The object of its former flame.

So Ellen stood——less power to move
 Had he, who bound in slumber's chain,
 Seem'd haply, o'er his hills to rove,
 And wind his woodland chase again.

She stood, but trembled——mingled-fear
 And fond delight and melting love
 Seiz'd all her soul, she came not near,
 She came not near that fated grove.

She strives to fly—from wizzard's wand
 As well might powerless captive fly—
 The new cropt flower falls from her hand——
 Ah! fall not with that flower to die.

VII.

Hast thou not seen some azure gleam
 Smile in the morning's orient eye,
 And skirt the reddening clouds soft beam
 What time the sun was hasting nigh?

Thou

Thou hast——and thou canst fancy well

As any muse that meets thine ear,

The soul-set eye of Nithisdale,

When wak'd, it fix'd on Ellen near.

Silent they gaz'd——that silence broke;

‘ Hail Goddess of these Groves, he cried,

O let me wear thy gentle yoke,’

O let me in thy service bide.

‘ For thee I’ll climb the mountain steep,

Unwearied chase the destin’d prey,

For thee I’ll pierce the wild-wood deep,

And part the sprays that vex thy way.’

For thee——— ‘ O stranger, cease,’ she said,

And swift away, like Daphne, flew,

But Daphne’s flight was not delay’d

By aught that to her bosom grew.

’Twas Atalanta’s golden fruit,

The fond Idea that confin’d

Fair Ellen’s steps, and bless’d his suit,

Who was not far, not far behind.

VIII.

O love! within those golden vales,

Those genial airs where thou wast born,

Where nature listening thy soft tales,

Leans on the rosy breast of morn.

Where the sweet Smiles, the Graces dwell,

And tender sighs the heart emmove,

In silent eloquence to tell

Thy tale, O soul-subduing love!

Ah!

Ah ! wherefore should grim rage be nigh,
 And dark distrust with changeful face,
 And Jealousy's reverted eye
 Be near thy fair thy favour'd place ?

IX.

Earl Barnard was of high degree,
 And Lord of many a Lowland Hind,
 And long for Ellen love had he,
 Had love, but not of gentle kind.
 From Moray's Halls her absent hour
 He watch'd with all a Miser's care :
 The wide Domain, the princely Dower
 Made Ellen more than Ellen fair.

Ah wretch ! to think the liberal soul
 May thus with fair affection part !
 Though Lothian's vales thy sway controul,
 Know, Lothian is not worth one heart.

Studious he marks her absent hour,
 And winding far where Carron flows,
 Sudden he sees the fated bower,
 And red rage on his dark brow glows.

For who is he ?——'tis Nithisdale !
 And that fair form with arm reclin'd
 On his ?——'tis Ellen of the vale,
 'Tis She (O powers of vengeance !) kind.

Should he that vengeance swift pursue ?
 No——that would all his hopes destroy ?
 Moray would vanish from his view,
 And rob him of a Miser's joy.

Unseen

Unseen to Moray's Halls he hies—

He calls his slaves, his ruffian band,

‘ And haste to yonder groves,’ He cries,

‘ And ambush’d lie by Carron’s strand,’

‘ What time ye mark from bower or glen,

‘ A gentle lady take her way

‘ To distance due, and far from ken,

‘ Allow her length of time to stray.

‘ Then ransack straight that range of groves.—

‘ With hunter’s spear, and vest of green,

‘ If chance, a rosy strippling roves,—

‘ Ye well can aim your arrows keen.’

And now the ruffian slaves are nigh,

And Ellen takes her homeward way :

Though stay’d by many a tender sigh,

She can no longer, longer stay.

Pensive, against yon poplar pale

The lover leans his gentle heart,

Revolving many a tender tale,

And wondering still how they could part.

Three arrows pierc’d the desert air,

Ere yet his tender dreams depart ;

And one struck deep his forehead fair,

And one went through his gentle heart.

Love’s waking dream is lost in sleep—

He lies beneath yon poplar pale ;

Ah ! could we marvel ye should weep ;

Ye maidens fair of Marlivale !

X. When

X.

When all the mountain gales were still,
 And the wave slept against the shore.
 And the sun, sunk beneath the hill,
 Left his last smile on Lemmermore ;

Sweet Ellen takes her wonted way
 Along the fairy-featur'd vale,
 Bright o'er his wave does Carron play,
 And soon she'll meet her Nithisdale.

She'll meet him soon—for at her sight
 Swift as the mountain deer he sped ;
 The evening shades will sink in night,—
 Where art thou, loitering lover, fled ?

O ! She will chide thy trifling stay,
 E'en now the soft reproach she frames :
 Can lovers brook such long delay ?
 ' Lovers that boast of ardent flames !'

He comes not—weary with the chase,
 Soft slumber o'er his eyelids throws
 Her veil—we'll steal one dear embrace,
 We'll gently steal on his repose.

This is the bower—we'll softly tread—
 He sleeps beneath yon poplar pale—
 Lover, if e'er thy heart has bled,
 Thy heart will far forego my tale !

XI. Ellen

XI.

Ellen is not in princely bower,
 She's not in Moray's splendid train ;
 Their mistrefs dear at Midnight hour,
 Her weeping maidens seek in vain.

 Her pillow swells not deep with down,
 For her no balms their sweets exhale :
 Her limbs are on the pale turf thrown,
 Pres'd by her lovely cheek as pale.

 On that fair cheek, that flowing hair,
 The broom its yellow leaf hath shed,
 And the chill mountain's early air
 Blows wildly o'er her beauteous head.

 As the soft star of orient Day,
 When clouds involve his rosy light,
 Darts through the gloom a transient ray,
 And leaves the world once more to night ;

 Returning life illumines her eye,
 And slow its languid orb unfolds—
 What are these bloody arrows nigh ?
 Sure, bloody arrows she beholds !

 What was the form so ghastly pale,
 That low beneath the poplar lay ?
 'Twas some poor Youth—' Ah Nithisdale !
 She said, and silent sunk away.

XII. The

XII.

The morn is on the mountains spread,
 'The woodlark trills his liquid strain—
 Can morn's sweet music raise the dead?
 Give the fet eye its soul again?

A shepherd of that gentler mind,
 Which nature not profusely yields,
 Seeks in these lonely shades to find
 Some wanderer from his little fields.

Aghast he stands—and simple fear
 O'er all his paly visage glides—
 'Ah me! what means this misery here?
 What fate this lady fair betides?'

He bears her to his friendly home,
 When life, he finds, has but retir'd;
 With haste he frames the lover's tomb,
 For his is quite, is quite expir'd!

XIII.

'O hide me in thy humble Bower,'
 Returning late to life she said;
 'I'll bind thy crook with many a flower;
 With many a rosy wreath thy head.
 'Good shepherd haste to yonder grove,
 And if my love asleep is laid,
 Oh! wake him not; but softly move
 Some pillow to that gentle head.

'Sure,

‘ Sure, thou wilt know him, shepherd swain,
Thou know’st the sun rise o’er the sea—
But Oh ! no lamb in all thy train
Was e’er so mild, so mild as he.

‘ His head is on the wood-moss laid ;
I did not wake his slumber deep—
Sweet sings the redbreast o’er the shade—
Why, gentle lady, would you weep ?’

As flowers that fade in burning day,
At evening find the dew-drop dear,
But fiercer feel the noon-tide ray,
When soften’d by the nightly tear;

Returning in the flowing tear,
This lovely flower more sweet than they,
Found her fair soul, and wandering near,
The stranger, Reason, cross’d her way.

Found her fair soul—Ah ! so to find
Was but more dreadful grief to know !
Ah ! sure, the privilege of mind
Cannot be worth the wish of woe.

XIV.

On melancholy’s silent urn
A softer shade of sorrow falls,
But Ellen can no more return,
No more return to Moray’s Halls.

Beneath the low and lonely shade
The slow consuming hour she’ll weep,
Till nature seeks her last-left aid,
In the sad, sombrous arms of sleep.

‘ These

‘ These jewels all unmeet for me,
Shalt thou,’ she said, ‘ good shepherd, take ;
These gems will purchase gold for thee,
And these be thine for Ellen’s sake.

‘ So fail thou not, at eve and morn,
The rosemary’s pale bough to bring—
Thou know’st where I was found forlorn—
Where thou hast heard the redbreast sing.

‘ Heedful I’ll tend thy flocks the while,
Or aid thy shepherdess’s care,
For I will share her humble toil,
And I her friendly roof will share.’

XV.

And now two longsome years are past
In luxury of lonely pain—
The lovely mourner, found at last,
To Moray’s Halls is borne again.

Yet has she left one object dear,
That wears Love’s sunny eye of joy—
Is Nithisdale reviving here ?
Or is it but a shepherd’s boy ?

By Carron’s side a shepherd’s boy,
He binds his vale-flowers with the reed ;
He wears love’s sunny eye of joy,
And birth he little seems to heed.

XVI. But

XVI.

But ah ! no more his infant sleep
 Closes beneath a mother's smile,
 Who, only when it clos'd would weep,
 And yield to tender woe the while.

No more, with fond attention dear,
 She seeks th' unspoken wish to find ;
 No more shall she, with pleasure's tear,
 See the soul waxing into mind.

XVII.

Does nature bear a tyrant's breast ?
 Is she the friend of stern controul ?
 Wears she the despot's purple vest ;
 Or fetters she the free born soul ?

Where, worst of tyrants, is thy claim,
 In chains thy children's breasts to bind ?
 Gav'st thou the Promethean flame ?
 The incommunicable mind ?

Thy offspring are great Nature's,—free,
 And of her fair dominion heirs ;
 Each privilege she gives to thee ;
 Know, that each privilege is theirs.

They have thy feature, wear thine eye,
 Perhaps some feelings of thy heart ;
 And wilt thou their lov'd hearts deny
 To act their fair, their proper part ?

E

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The Lord of Lothian's fertile vale,
 Ill fated Ellen claims thy hand :
 Thou know'st not that thy Nithisdale
 Was low laid by his ruffian-band.
 And Moray with unfather'd eyes,
 Fix'd on fair Lothian's fertile dale,
 Attends his human sacrifice,
 Without the Grecian painter's veil.
 O married love ! thy bard shall own,
 Where two congenial souls unite,
 Thy golden chains inlaid with down,
 Thy lamps with heaven's own splendor bright.
 But if no radiant star of love
 O Hymen ! smile on thy fair rite,
 Thy chain a wretched weight shall prove,
 Thy lamp a sad sepulchral light.

XIX.

And now has time's slow-wandering wing
 Borne many a year unmark'd with speed——
 Where is the boy by Carron's spring,
 Who bound his vale flowers with the reed ?
 Ah me ! those flowers he binds no more ;
 No early charm returns again ;
 The parent, nature keeps in store
 Her best joys for her little train.
 No longer heed the sun-beam bright
 That plays on Carron's breast he can,
 Reason has lent Her quivering light,
 And shewn the chequer'd field of man.

XX. As

XX.

As the first human heir of earth
 With pensive eye himself survey'd,
 And, all unconscious of his birth,
 Sate thoughtful oft in Eden's shade.
 In pensive thought so Owen stray'd
 With Carron's lonely woods among
 And once, within their greenest Glade,
 He fondly fram'd this simple song.

XXI.

Why is this crook adorn'd with gold !
 Why am I tales of ladies told ?
 Why does no labour me employ,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?
 A filken vest like mine so green,
 In shepherd's hut I have not seen—
 Why should I in such vesture joy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy ?
 I know it is no shepherd's art
 His written meaning to impart—
 They teach me, sure, an idle toy,
 If I am but a shepherd's boy.
 This bracelet bright that binds my arm—
 It could not come from shepherd's farm ;
 It only could that arm annoy,
 If I were but a shepherd's boy.
 And, O thou silent picture fair,
 That lov'st to smile upon me there,
 O say, and fill my heart with joy,
 That I am not a shepherd's boy.

XXII.

Ah lovely youth ! thy tender lay
 May not thy gentle life prolong ;
 See'st thou yon nightingale a prey ;
 The fierce hawk hovering o'er his song ?

His little heart is large with love :
 He sweetly hails his evening star,
 And Fate's more pointed arrows move,
 Insidious from his eye afar.

XXIII.

The shepherdes, whose kindly care
 Had watch'd o'er Owen's infant breath,
 Must now their silent mansions share,
 Whom time leads calmly down to death.

' O tell me parent if thou art,
 ' What is this lovely picture dear ?
 ' Why wounds its mournful eye my heart,
 ' Why flows from mine th' unbidden tear.

' Ah ! youth ! to leave thee loth am I,
 ' Tho' I be not thy parent dear ;
 ' And woud'st thou wish, or ere I die,
 ' The story of thy birth to hear ?

' But it will make thee much bewail,
 ' And it will make thy fair eye-swell—'

She said, and told the woesome tale,
 As sooth as shepherdes might tell.

XXIV. Th

XXIV.

The heart, that sorrow doom'd to share,
 Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
 Its sad impressions learns to bear,
 And finds full oft, its ruin flow. *true true*

But when that seal is first imprest,
 When the young heart its pain shall try,
 For the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
 Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Yet fled not Owen's—wild amaze
 In paleness cloath'd, and lifted hands,
 And horror's dread, unmeaning gaze,
 Mark the poor statue, as it stands.

The simple guardian of his life
 Look'd wistful for the tear to glide,
 But when she saw his tearless strife,
 Silent, she lent him one—and died.

XXV.

' No, I am not a shepherd's boy,'
 Awakening from his dream, he said,
 ' Ah where is now the promised joy
 ' Of this?—for ever, ever fled !
 ' O picture dear ! for her lov'd sake
 ' How fondly could my heart bewail !
 ' My friendly shepherdes, O wake,
 ' And tell me more of this sad tale.

- ‘ O tell me more of this sad tale——
 ‘ No; thou enjoy thy gentle sleep !
 ‘ And I will go to Lothian’s vale,
 ‘ And more than all her waters weep.’

XXVI.

Owen to Lothian’s vale is fled——
 Earl Barnard’s lofty towers appear——
 ‘ O art thou there,’ the full heart said,
 ‘ O! art thou there, my parent dear ?’

Yes she is there : From idle state
 Oft has she stole her hour to weep ;
 Think how she ‘ by thy cradle fate,’
 And how she ‘ fondly saw thee sleep*.’

Now tries his trembling hand to frame
 Full many a tender line of love !
 And still he blots the parent’s name,
 For that, he fears, might fatal prove.

XXVII.

O’er a fair fountain’s smiling fide
 Reclin’d a dim tower clad with moss,
 Where every bird was wont to bide,
 That languish’d for his partner’s loss.
 This scene he chose, this scene assign’d
 A parent’s first embrace to wait,
 And many a soft fear fill’d his mind,
 Anxious for his fond letter’s fate.

* See the ancient Scottish Ballad, called Gill Morrice.

The hand that bore those lines of love,
 The well informing bracelet bore—
 Ah ! may they not unprosperous prove !
 Ah ! safely pass yon dangerous door !

XXVIII.

- ‘ She comes not ;—can she then delay ?
 ‘ Cried the fair youth, and dropt a tear——
- ‘ Whatever filial love could say,
 ‘ ‘To her I said and call’d her dear.
- ‘ She comes—Oh ! No—encircled round
 ‘ ‘Tis some rude chief with many a spear.
- ‘ My hapless tale that Earl has found—
 ‘ Ah me ! my heart ! for her I fear.’

His tender tale that Earl had read,
 Or ere it reach’d his lady’s eye,
 His dark brow wears a cloud of red,
 In rage he deems a rival nigh.

’Tis o’er—those locks that wav’d in gold,
 That wav’d adown those cheeks so fair,
 Wreath’d in the gloomy tyrant’s hold,
 Hang from the sever’d head in air.

That streaming head he joys to bear
 In horrid guise to Lothian’s Halls ;
 Bids his grim ruffians place it there,
 Erect upon the frowning walls.

The fatal tokens forth he drew—

‘ Know’st thou these—Ellen of the vale ?”

The pictur’d bracelet soon she knew,

And soon her lovely cheek grew pale.—

The trembling victim, straight he led,

Ere ! yet her soul’s first fear was o’er ;

He pointed to the ghastly head—

She saw—and sunk, to rise no more.

THE

T H E
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A
Northumberland BALLAD.

In three Fits or Cantos.

By the Rev. Dr. PERCY, Lord Bishop of Dromore, Editor
of the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.

HERMIT OF WARRIOR

HERMIT OF WARRIOR

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HERMIT OF WARRIOR

TO HER GRACE
ELIZABETH
D U C H E S S A N D
COUNTESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
IN HER OWN RIGHT
BARONESS PERCY,

&c. &c. &c.

Down in a northern vale wild flowrets grew,
And lent new sweetness to the summer gale ;
The Muse there found them all remote from view,
Obscur'd with weeds, and scattered o'er the dale.

O Lady, may so slight a gift prevail,
And at your gracious hands acceptance find ?
Say, may an ancient legendary tale,
Amuse, delight, or move the polish'd mind ?

Surely the cares and woes of human kind,
Tho' simply told, will gain each gentle ear :
But all for you the Muse her lay design'd,
And bade your noble ancestors appear ;

She seeks no other praise, if you commend
Her great protectress, patroness, and friend.

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL
OF THE PROVINCE OF
NEW SOUTH WALES
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED
I HAVE THE HONOR TO
ACKNOWLEDGE THE RECEIPT
OF YOUR RESOLUTION
PASSED ON THE 14TH
DAY OF MARCH 1881
RELATIVE TO THE
PROPOSED
AMENDMENT
OF THE
LAND ACT
1878
AND TO ADVISE YOU
THAT THE SAME
HAS BEEN
FORWARDED TO
THE
LAND OFFICE
FOR THEIR
CONSIDERATION
AND
ACTION
IN THE
PREMISES
I AM,
SIR,
YOUR OBLIGED
SERVANT
J. H. HARRIS
SECRETARY

ADVERTISEMENT.

WARKWORTH CASTLE in Northumberland, stands very boldly on a neck of land near the sea-shore, almost surrounded by the river COQUET, (called by our old Latin historians Coqueda) which runs with a clear rapid stream, but when swollen with rains becomes violent and dangerous.

About a mile from the Castle, in a deep romantic valley, are the remains of a HERMITAGE; of which the Chapel is still intire. This is hollowed with great elegance in a cliff near the river; as are also two adjoining apartments, which probably served for the Sacristy and Vestry, or were appropriated to some other sacred uses; for the former of these, which runs parallel with the Chapel, appears to have had an Altar in it, at which Mass was occasionally celebrated, as well as in the Chapel itself.

Each of these apartments is extremely small; for that which was the principal Chapel does not in length exceed eighteen feet; nor is more than seven feet and a half in breadth and height: it is however very beautifully designed and executed in the solid rock; and has all the decorations of a complete Gothic Church or Cathedral in miniature.

But

But what principally distinguishes the Chapel, is a small Tomb or Monument, on the south side of the altar; on the top of which lies a Female Figure extended in the manner that effigies are usually exhibited praying on ancient tombs. This figure, which is very delicately designed, some have ignorantly called an image of the Virgin Mary; though it has not the least resemblance to the manner in which she is represented in the Romish Churches; who is usually erect, as the object of adoration, and never in a prostrate or recumbent posture. Indeed the real image of the blessed Virgin probably stood in a small nich, still visible behind the altar: whereas the figure of a Bull's Head, which is rudely carved at this Lady's feet, the usual place for the Crest in old monuments, plainly proves her to have been a very different personage.

About the tomb are several other Figures; which, as well as the principal one abovementioned, are cut in the natural rock, in the same manner as the little Chapel itself, with all the ornaments, and the two adjoining apartments.—What slight traditions are scattered through the country, concerning the origin and foundation of this Hermitage, Tomb, &c. are delivered to the Reader in the following rhimes.

It

It is universally agreed, that the Founder was one of the Bertram family, which had once considerable possessions in Northumberland, and were anciently Lords of Bothal Castle, situate about ten miles from Warkworth. He has been thought, to be the same Bertram, that endowed Brinkburn Priory, and built Brenkshaugh Chapel : which both stand in the same winding valley, higher up the river.

But Brinkburn Priory was founded in the reign of K. Henry I.* whereas the form of the Gothic windows in this Chapel, especially of those near the altar, is found rather to resemble the style of architecture that prevailed about the reign of K. Edward III. And indeed that the sculpture in this Chapel cannot be much older, appears from the Crest which is placed at the Lady's feet on the Tomb ; for Camden† inform us, that armorial Crests did not become hereditary till about the reign of K. Edward II.

These appearances still extant, strongly confirm the account given in the following poem, and plainly prove that the HERMIT of Warkworth was not the same person that founded Brinkburn Priory in the twelfth century, but rather one of the Bertram family who lived at a later period.

* *Tanner's Notitia Monast.*

† *See his Remains.*

**** FIT** was the word used by the old Minstrels to signify a Part or Division of their historical songs, and was peculiarly appropriated to this kind of compositions. See *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 166 and 397 2d Ed.



THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.
A
Northumberland BALLAD.

FIT THE FIRST.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice,
Lament in fore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend fire.

All

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
 A beauteous maid he found,
 Who beat her breast, and with her tears
 Bedewed the mossy ground.

O weep not, lady, weep not so ;
 Nor let vain fears alarm ;
 My little cell shall shelter thee,
 And keep thee safe from harm.

It is not for myself I weep,
 Nor for myself I fear ;
 But for my dear and only friend,
 Who lately left me here :

And while some sheltering bower he sought
 Within this lonely wood,
 Ah ! fore I fear his wandering feet
 Have flipt in yonder flood.

O ! trust in heaven the Hermit said,
 And to my cell repair ;
 Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
 And ease thee of thy care.

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
 He scales the cliff so high ;
 And calls aloud, and waves his light,
 To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds
 With careful steps and slow :
 At length a voice return'd his call,
 Quick answering from below.

O tell

O tell me, father, tell me true,
 If you have chanc'd to see
 A gentle maid, I lately left
 Beneath some neighbouring tree.

But either I have lost the place,
 Or she hath gone astray :
 And much I fear this fatal stream
 Hath snatch'd her hence away.

Praise heaven, my son, the Hermit said ;
 'The lady's safe and well :
 And soon he join'd the wandering youth,
 And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen, these gentle friends
 They lov'd each other dear :
 The youth he press'd her to his heart ;
 The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
 Beheld so sweet a pair :
 The youth was tall with manly bloom,
 She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
 With bugle-horn so bright :
 She in a filken robe and scarf,
 Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

Sit down, my children, says the Sage ;
 Sweet rest your limbs require :
 Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
 And mends his little fire.

Partake,

Partake, he said, my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare ;
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good chear,
And talk'd their cares away.

Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?

First tell me, father, said the youth,
(Nor blame mine eager tongue)
What town is here ? What lands are these ?
And to what lord belong ?

Alas ! my son, the Hermit said,
Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banish'd far away ?

Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant HOTSPUR (so the North
Our youthful lord did call)

Against Fourth HENRY BOLINGBROKE
Led up his northern powers,
And stoutly fighting lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

One son he left, a lovely boy,
 His country's hope and heir;
 And oh! to save him from his foes
 It was his grandfire's care.

In Scotland safe he placed the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
 Nor long before the brave old Earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

And now the PERCY name, so long
 Our northern pride and boast,
 Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud;
 Their honors rest and lost.

No chieftain of that noble house
 Now leads our youth to arms:
 The bordering Scots dispoil our fields,
 And ravage all our farms.

Their halls and castles, once so fair,
 Now moulder in decay;
 Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
 And bear their wealth away.

Nor far from hence where yon full stream
 Runs winding down the lea,
 Fair WARKWORTH lifts her lofty towers,
 And overlooks the sea.

Those towers, alas! now stand forlorn,
 With noisome weeds o'erspread,
 Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
 And where the poor were fed.

Meantime

Meantime far off mid Scottish hills,
 The PERCY lives unknown :
 On stranger's bounty he depends,
 And may not claim his own.

O might I with these aged eyes,
 But live to see him here,
 Then should my soul depart in bliss !—
 He said, and dropt a tear.

And is the PERCY still so lov'd,
 Of all his friends and thee ?
 Then, blefs me, father, said the youth,
 For I thy guest am HE.

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
 To wipe the tears he shed ;
 Then lifting up his hands and eyes,
 Pour'd blessings on his head :

Welcome, our dear and much lov'd lord,
 Thy country's hope and care :
 But who may this young lady be,
 That is so wondrous fair ?

Now, father, listen to my tale,
 And thou shalt know the truth :
 And let thy sage advice direct,
 My unexperienc'd youth.

In

In Scotland I've been nobly bred
 Beneath the Regent's hand *,
 In feats of arms, and every lore
 To fit me for command.

With fond impatience long I burn'd
 My native land to see :
 At length I won my guardian friend
 To yield that boon to me.

'Then up and down in hunter's garb
 I wander'd as in chace,
 Till in the noble NEVILLE's house †
 I gain'd a hunter's place.

Some time with him I liv'd unknown,
 Till I'd the hap so rare,
 To please this young and gentle dame,
 That baron's daughter fair.

Now, PERCY, said the blushing maid,
 The truth I must reveal ;
 Souls great and generous, like to thine,
 Their noble deeds conceal.

* *Robert Stuart*, Duke of Albany. See the continuator of *Fordon's Scoti-Chronicon*, cap. 18, cap. 23, &c.

† *Ralph Neville*, first Earl of Westmoreland, who chiefly resided at his two Castles of *Brancepsal*, and *Raby*, both in the Bishoprick of Durham.

It happened on a summer's day,
 Led by the fragrant breeze,
 I wander'd forth to take the air,
 Among the green-wood trees.

Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
 That near in ambush lay,
 Moss-troopers from the border-side,
 There seiz'd me for their prey.

My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
 But heaven that saw my grief,
 Brought this brave youth within my call,
 Who flew to my relief.

With nothing but his hunting spear,
 And dagger in his hand,
 He sprung like lightning on my foes,
 And caus'd them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
 The Scots were overthrown ;
 Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
 To make me more his own.

O happy day ! the youth replied :
 Blest were the wounds I bare !
 From that fond hour she deign'd to smile,
 And listen to my prayer.

And when she knew my name and birth,
 She vowed to be my bride ;
 But oh ! we fear'd, (alas, the while !)
 Her princely mother's pride :

Sister

Sister of haughty BOLINGBROKE *

Our house's ancient foe,
To me I thought a banish'd wight,
Could ne'er such favour shew.
Despairing then to gain consent ;
At length to fly with me
I won the lovely timorous maid,
To Scotland bound are we.

This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turn'd adown the right hand path,
And gain'd this lonely wood.

Then lightning from our weary steeds,
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach'd this friendly bower.

Now rest ye both, the Hermit said ;
A while your cares forego :
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;
——We'll pass the night below.†

* *Joan*, countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young Lady, was daughter of *John of Gaunt*, and half-sister of king Henry IV.

† Adjoining the cliff, which contains the Chapel of the Hermitage, are the remains of a small building, in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower Apartment, with a little Bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins :—whereas the Chapel, cut in the solid rock, is still very intire and perfect.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

F



T H E
H E R M I T O F W A R K W O R T H .

A
Northumberland BALLAD.

F I T T H E S E C O N D .

LOVELY smil'd the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled ;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair ELEANOR left her bed.

She found her HENRY all alone,
And cheer'd him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend,
Had watch'd the livelong night.

What sweet surprize o'erpower'd her breast ?
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride.

Within

Within this lonely Hermitage

There is a chapel meet :

Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss compleat.

O HENRY, when thou deign'st to sue,

Can I thy suit withstand ?

When thou, lov'd youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

For thee I left a father's smiles,

And mother's tender care ;

And whither weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.

And wilt thou then, O generous maid,

Such matchless favour shew,

To share with me a banish'd wight
My peril, pain, or woe ?

Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store

To crown thy constant breast :

For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be blest.

Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle

Surrounded by the sea ;

There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee :*

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a Cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth-Abbey.

'Tis father Bernard, so revered
 For every worthy deed ;
 To RABY castle he shall go,
 And for us kindly plead.
 To fetch this good and holy man
 Our reverend host is gone :
 And soon I trust, his pious hands
 Will join us both in one :
 Thus they in sweet and tender talk
 The lingering hours beguile :
 At length they see the hoary sage
 Come from the neighbouring isle.
 With pious joy and wonder mix'd,
 He greets the noble pair,
 And glad consents to join their hands
 With many a fervent prayer.
 Then strait to RABY's distant walls
 He kindly wends his way ;
 Mean-time in love and dalliance sweet
 They spend the livelong day.
 And now, attended by their host,
 The Hermitage they view'd,
 Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
 And over-hung with wood.
 And near a flight of shapely steps,
 All cut with nicest skill,
 And piercing thro' a stony arch,
 Ran winding up the hill.

There

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
 His little Garden stands ;
 With fruitful trees in shady rows,
 All planted by his hands.

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
 Three sacred Vaults he shows ;
 The chief a Chapel, neatly arch'd,
 On branching Columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
 That should a chapel grace :
 The Lattice for confession fram'd,
 And Holy-water Vase.

O'er either door a sacred Text
 Invites to godly fear ;
 And in a little scutcheon hung
 The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the Altar's ample breadth
 Two easy steps ascend ;
 And near a glimmering solemn light
 Two well-wrought Windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a Tomb
 All in the living stone ;
 On which a young and beauteous maid
 In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling Angel fairly carv'd
 Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
 A weeping warrior at her feet ;
 And near to these her Crest.*

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
 Attract the wondering pair :
 Eager they ask, what hapless dame
 Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
 For sorrow scarce could speak :
 At length he wip'd the trickling tears
 That all bedew'd his cheek :

Alas my children, human life
 Is but a vale of woe ;
 And very mournful is the tale,
 Which ye so fain would know.

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family. All the Figures, &c. here described, are still visible ; only somewhat effaced with length of time.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

Young lord, thy grandfire had a friend

In days of youthful fame ;

Yon distant hills were his domains ;

Sir BERTRAM was his name.

Where'er the noble PERCY fought

His friend was at his side ;

And many a skirmish with the Scots

Their early valour try'd.

Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,

As fair as fair might be ?

The dew-drop on the lily's cheek,

Was not so fair as she.

Fair WIDDRINGTON the maiden's name,

Yon towers her dwelling place ?*

Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,

Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight

To this fair damsel came ?

But Bertram was her only choice ;

For him she felt a flame.

Lord PERCY pleaded for his friend,

Her father soon consents ;

None but the beauteous maid herself,

His wishes now prevents.

* Widdrington Castle, is about five miles south of Warkworth.

But she with studied fond delays
 Defers the blisful hour ;
 And loves to try his constancy,
 And prove her maiden power.

That heart, she said, is lightly priz'd,
 Which is too lightly won ;
 And long shall rue that easy maid,
 Who yields her love too soon.

Lord PERCY made a solemn feast
 In Alnwick's princely hall ;
 And there came Lords, and there came Knights,
 His Chiefs and Barons all.

With wassel mirth, and revelry
 The castle rung around :
 Lord PERCY, call'd for song and harp,
 And pipes of martial sound.

The Minstrels of thy noble house,
 All clad in robes of blue,
 With silver crescents on their arms
 Attend in order due.

The great atchievements of thy race
 They sung : their high command :
 " How valiant Dainfred o'er the seas
 First led his northern band.*

* See Dugdale's Baronage, pag. 260 &c.

" Brave

" Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came ;
And from his Norman castles won
Assum'd the PERCY name.†

" They sung, how in the conqueror's fleet
Lord William ship'd his powers,
And gain'd a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers.*

" Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and dy'd :
But first the silver Crescent wan,
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

† In lower Normandy are three places of the name of PERCY ; whence the family took the surname of DE PERCY.

* *William de Percy*, (fifth in descent from *Galfred*, or *Gefrey de Percy*, son of *Mainfred*,) assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of *Emma de Porte*, (so the Norman writers name her, whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, *William* from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the conqueror, " he (to use the words of the old *Whitby Chronicle*) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience." See *Harl. MSS.* 692 (26)—He died at Mountjoy near Jerusalem in the first crusade.

“ They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen’s own brother wed
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.†

“ How he the PERCY name reviv’d,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country’s cause
With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the masters’ song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall ;
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Step’d forward thro’ the hall.

She Bertram courteously address’d ;
And kneeling on her knee ;
Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.

† *Agnes de Percy*, sole heiress of her house, married *Josceline de Lovain*, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of *Percy*, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son lord *Richard de Percy* was one of the twenty-six barons, chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

Then

Then forth she drew a glittering helme
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnish'd gold.

Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov'd this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try'd.

Young Bertram took the shining helme,
And thrice he kiss'd the same :
Trust me, I'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.

Lord PERCY and his barons bold
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppress'd
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills
— A thousand horse and more ;
Brave Widdrington, tho' sunk in years,
The PERCY-standard bore.

Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round ;
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the DOUGLAS rise.

Attendant

Attendant on their chief's command

A thousand warriors wait ;

And now the fatal hour drew on

Of cruel keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths

Advance before the rest ;

Lord PERCY mark'd their gallant mein,

And thus his friend address'd :

Now, Bertram, prove thy lady's helme,

Attack yon forward band ;

Dead or alive I'll rescue thee,

Or perish by their hand.

Young Bertram bow'd with glad assent,

And spur'd his eager steed,

And calling on his Lady's name,

Rush'd forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of Sapling oaks

The livid lightning rends ;

So fiercely 'mid the opposing ranks

Sir Bertram's sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,

And keenly pierces thro' ;

And many a tall and comely knight

With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side

They hem Sir Bertram round :

But dauntless he repels their rage,

And deals forth many a wound.

The

The vigour of his single arm
 Had well-nigh won the field ;
 When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
 And clove his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
 And reft his helme in twain ;
 That beauteous helme his lady's gift !
 —His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord PERCY saw his champion fall
 Amid the unequal fight ;
 And now, my noble friends, he said,
 Let's save this gallant knight.

Then rushing in, with stretch'd out shield
 He o'er the warrior hung ;
 As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
 To guard her callow young.

Three times they strove to seize their prey,
 Three times they quick retire :
 What force could stand his furious strokes,
 Or meet his martial fire ?

Now gathering round on every part
 The battle rag'd amain ;
 And many a lady wept her lord
 That hour untimely slain.

PERCY and DOUGLAS, great in arms,
 There all their courage show'd ;
 And all the field was strew'd with dead,
 And all with crimson flow'd.

At length the glory of the day
 The Scots reluctant yield,
 And, after wonderous valour shown,
 They slowly quit the field.

All pale extended on their shields
 And weltering in his gore
 Lord PERCY's knights their bleeding friend
 To WARK's * fair castle bore.

Well thou hast earn'd my daughter's love ;
 Her father kindly sed ;
 And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
 And tend thee in thy bed.

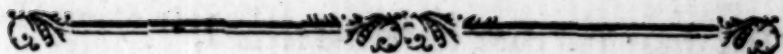
A message went, no daughter came ;
 Fair ISABEL ne'er appears :
 Beshrew me, said the aged chief,
 Young maidens have their fears.

Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
 So soon as thou canst ride ;
 And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
 And she shall be thy bride

Sir Bertram, at her name reviv'd,
 He bless'd the soothing sound ;
 Fond hope supplied the Nurse's care,
 And heal'd his ghastly wound.

* WARK castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in antient times, stood on the Southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of *Tiviotdale*, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART.



THE
HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A

Northumberland BALLAD.

F I T T H E T H I R D .

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen,
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

All day o'er mofs and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 'twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most

Most drear and dark the castle seem'd,
 That wont to shine so bright ;
 And long and loud Sir Bertram call'd
 Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose
 With voice so shrill and clear :
 What wight is this, that calls so loud,
 And knocks so boldly here ?

'Tis Bertram calls, thy lady's love,
 Come from his bed of care :
 All day I've ridden o'er moor and moss
 To see thy lady fair.

Now out alas ! (she loudly shriek'd)
 Alas ! how may this be ?
 For six long days are gone and past
 Since she set out to thee.

Sad terror seiz'd Sir Bertram's heart,
 And ready was he to fall ;
 When now the draw-bridge was let down,
 And gates were open'd all.

Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
 Since she set out to thee ;
 And sure if no sad harm had hap'd
 Long since thou would'st her see.

For when she heard thy grievous chance
 She tore her hair and cried,
 Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
 All thro' my folly and pride !

And

And now to atone for my sad fault,
 And his dear health regain,
 I'll go myself, and nurse my love,
 And sooth his bed of pain.

Then mounted she her milk-white steed
 One morn at break of day ;
 And two tall yeomen went with her
 To guard her on the way.

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
 And grief o'erwhelm'd his mind :
 Trust me, said he, I ne'er will rest
 'Till I thy lady find.

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
 And with sad boding heart
 Or ever the dawning of the day
 His brother and he depart.

Now, brother, we'll our ways divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range :
 Do thou go north, and I'll go west ;
 And all our drefs we'll change.

Some Scottish carle hath seiz'd my love,
 And borne her to his den ;
 And ne'er will I tread English ground
 Till she is restored agen.

The brothers strait their paths divide,
 O'er Scottish hills to range :
 And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
 And oft their drefs they change.

Sir

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
 Most like a palmer poor,
 To halls and castles wanders round,
 And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a Minstrel's garb he wears,
 With pipes so sweet and shrill;
 And wends to every tower and town;
 O'er every dale and hill.

One day as he fate under a thorn
 All sunk in deep despair,
 An aged Pilgrim pass'd him by,
 Who mark'd his face of care.

All Minstrels yet that ever I saw,
 Are full of game and glee:
 But thou art sad and woe-begone!
 I marvel whence it be!

Father, I serve an aged Lord,
 Whose grief afflicts my mind;
 His only child is stol'n away,
 And fain I would her find.

Cheer up, my son; perchance (he said)
 Some tidings I may bear:
 For oft when human hopes have fail'd,
 Then heavenly comfort's near.

Behind yon hills so steep and high,
 Down in a lowly glen,
 There stands a castle fair and strong,
 Far from th' abode of men.

As

As late I chanc'd to crave an alms
About this evening hour,
Me-thought I heard a lady's voice
Lamenting in the tower.

And when I asked, what harm had hap'd
What lady sick there lay?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.

These tidings caught Sir Bertram's ear,
He thank'd him for his tale;
And soon he hasted o'er the hills,
And soon he reach'd the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he 'gan to blow.

Sir Porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a Minstrel's song:
Or may I crave a lodging here?
Without offence or wrong?

My Lord, he said, is not at home
To hear a Minstrel's song:
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long.

He play'd again, so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And mov'd his stubborn heart.

Minstrel

Minstrel, he said, thou play'st so sweet,
 Fair entrance thou should'st win;
 But, alas! I am sworn upon the rood,
 To let no stranger in.

Yet, Minstrel, in yon rising cliff
 Thou'lt find a sheltering cave,
 And here thou shalt my supper share,
 And there thy lodging have.

All day he sits beside the gate,
 And pipes both loud and clear:
 All night he watches round the walls,
 In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watch'd,
 All at the midnight hour,
 He plainly heard his lady's voice
 Lamenting in the tower.

The second night the moon shone clear,
 And gilt the spangled dew;
 He saw his lady thro' the gate,
 But 'twas a transient view.

The third night wearied out he slept
 'Till near the morning tide;
 When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
 And to the castle hy'd.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
 Depending from the wall;
 And o'er the mote was newly laid
 A poplar long and tall.

And

And soon he saw his love descend
 Wrapt in a tartan plaid :
 Assisted by a sturdy youth
 In Highland garby-clad.

Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
 He lay unseen and still ;
 And soon he saw them cross the stream,
 And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
 The youthful couple fly.
 But what can 'scape the lover's ken ?
 Or shun his piercing eye ?

With silent step he follows close
 Behind the flying pair,
 And saw her hang upon his arm,
 With fond familiar air.

Thanks, gentle youth, she often said ;
 My thanks thou well hast won :
 For me what wiles hast thou contriv'd ?
 For me what dangers run ?

And ever shall my grateful heart
 Thy services repay :—

Sir Bertram would no further hear,
 But cried, Vile traitor, stay !

Vile traitor, yield that Lady up !—
 And quick his sword he drew,
 The stranger turn'd in sudden rage,
 And at Sir Bertram flew.

With

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
 Gave many a vengeful blow :
 But Bertram's stronger hand prevail'd,
 And laid the stranger low.

Die, traitor, die !—A deadly thrust
 Attends each furious word.

Ah ! then fair Ifabel knew his voice,
 And rush'd beneath his sword.

O stop, she cried, O stop thy arm !
 Thou dost thy brother slay !—
 And here the Hermit paus'd and wept :
 His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, Ye lovely pair,
 How shall I tell the rest ?—
 Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
 It fell and stab'd her breast.

Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
 Ah ! cruel fate ! they said,
 The Hermit wept, and so did they ;
 They sigh'd ; he hung his head.

O blind and jealous rage, he cried,
 What evils from thee flow ?
 The Hermit paus'd ; they silent mourn'd ;
 He wept, and they were woe.

Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
 And saw my lady bleed,
 I rav'd, I wept, I curst my arm,
 That wrought the fatal deed.

In vain I clasp'd her to my breast,
 And clos'd the ghastly wound ;
 In vain I press'd his bleeding corpse,
 And rais'd it from the ground.

My brother, alas ! spake never more ;
 His precious life was flown.
 She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
 Regardless of her own.

Bertram, she said, be comforted,
 And live to think on me :
 May we in heaven that union prove,
 Which here was not to be.

Bertram, she said, I still was true ;
 'Thou only hadst my heart :
 May we hereafter meet in bliss !
 We now, alas ! must part.

For thee I left my father's hall,
 And flew to thy relief ;
 When, lo ! near Chiviot's fatal hills
 I met a Scottish chief.

Lord Malcolm's son, whose proffered love
 I had refus'd with scorn ;
 He slew my guards and seiz'd on me
 Upon that fatal morn ;

And in these dreary hated walls
 He kept me close confin'd ;
 And fondly sued and warmly press'd
 To win me to his mind.

Each rising morn increas'd my pain,
 Each night increas'd my fear ;
 When wandering in this northern garb
 Thy brother found me here.

He quickly form'd this brave design
 To set me captive free ;
 And on the moor his horses wait
 Ty'd to a neighbouring tree.

Then haste, my love, escape away,
 And for thyself provide ;
 And sometimes fondly think on her,
 Who should have been thy bride.

Thus pouring comfort on my soul
 Even with her latest breath,
 She gave one parting fond embrace,
 And clos'd her eyes in death.

In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
 Devoid of sense I lay :
 Then sudden all in frantic mood
 I meant myself to slay .

And rising up in furious haste
 I seiz'd the bloody brand : *
 A sturdy arm here interpos'd,
 And wrench'd it from my hand.

i. e. Sword.

It

A crowd, that from the castle came,
 Had mis'd their lovely ward ;
 And seizing me to prison bare,
 And deep in dungeon barr'd.

It chanced that on that very morn
 Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
 Lord PERCY had us soon exchang'd,
 And strove to sooth my pain.

And soon those honour'd dear remains
 To England were convey'd :
 And there within their silent tombs,
 With holy rites were laid.

For me I loath'd my wretched life,
 And long to end it thought ;
 Till time, and books, and holy men
 Had better counsels taught.

They rais'd my heart to that pure source,
 Whence heavenly comfort flows :
 They taught me to despise the world,
 And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
 Vain hope, and sordid care :
 I meekly vow'd to spend my life
 In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram now no more,
 Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
 But poor and humble Benedict,
 Now lowly, patient, mild ;

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
 And sacred altars raise ;
 And here a lonely Anchorite
 I came to end my days.

This sweet sequester'd vale I chose,
 These rocks and hanging grove ;
 For oft beside the murmuring stream
 My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approv'd my choice ;
 This blest retreat he gave :
 And here I carv'd her beauteous form,
 And scoop'd this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
 My life I've lingered here ;
 And daily o'er this sculptured saint
 I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart,
 So faithful and so true,
 The sad remembrance of thy fate
 Still makes my bosom rue.

Yet not unpitied pass'd my life,
 Forsaken, or forgot,
 The PERCY and his noble Sons
 Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl from toils of state,
 And cumbrous pomp of power,
 Would gladly seek my little cell
 To spend the tranquil hour.

But

But length of life is length of woe,
 I liv'd to mourn his fall :
 I liv'd to mourn his godlike Sons,
 And friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
 Lov'd youth, shalt now restore ;
 And raise again the PERCY name
 More glorious than before.

He ceas'd, and on the lovely pair
 His choicest blessings laid :
 While they with thanks and pitying tears
 His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
 They asked the good old sire ;
 And guided by his sage advice
 To Scotland they retire.

Mean-time their suit such favour found
 At RABY's stately hall,
 Earl Neville and his princely Spouse
 Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her * Nephew's throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The PERCY was restor'd.

* King Henry V. Anno 1414,

.* The account given in the foregoing ballad of young *Percy*, the son of *Hotspur*, is confirmed by the following Extract from an old Chronicle formerly belonging to Whitby Abbey.

The youthful Earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame ;
 NINE noble SONS to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

THE END OF THE BALLAD.



“ HENRY PERCY, the son of Sir HENRY PERCY, flayne at Shrewesbury, and of ELIZABETH, the daughter of the Erle of Marche, after the death of his Father and Grauntsyre, was exiled into Scotland* in the time of king Henry the Fourth : but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of JOHANNE the countes of Westmerland, (whose Daughter ALLANOR he *had wedded in coming into England,*) he recovered the King's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so was the *second Erle* of Northumberland.

“ And of this Alianor his wife, he begate IX Sonnes, and III Daughters, whose names be JOHANNE, that is buried at Whytbye : THOMAS, lord Egremont : KATHARYNE GRAY of Rythyn : Sir RAFFE PERCY : WILLIAM PERCY, a Byshopp : RICHARD PERCY : JOHN, that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE : (another JOHN, called by Vincent † ‘Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth’ :) GEORGE PERCY, Clerk : HENRY that dyed WITHOUT ISSUE : ANNE——:” (besides the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.)

“ HENRY PERCY, the *third* Erle of Northumberland.

Vid. Harl. MSS. No 692. (26.) in the British Museum.

* i. e. remained an Exile in Scotland during the Reign of king Henry IV. *In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti*
Lat. MS. penes Duc. North.

† See his Great Baronag. No. 20. in the Heralds Office.

P O S T S C R I P T.

IT will perhaps gratify the curious Reader to be informed, that from a word or two formerly legible over one of the Chapel Doors, it is believed that the Text there inscribed was that Latin verse of the Psalmist, * which is in our Translation,

MY TEARS HAVE BEEN MY MEAT
DAY AND NIGHT.

It is also certain that the memory of the first Hermit was held in such regard and veneration by the PERCY Family; that they afterwards maintained a Chantry Priest, to reside in the Hermitage, and celebrate Mass in the Chapel: Whose allowance, uncommonly liberal and munificent, was continued down to the Dissolution of the Monasteries; and then the whole Salary, together with the Hermitage and all its dependencies, reverted back to the Family, having never been endowed in mortmain. On this account we have no Record, which fixes the date of the Foundation, or gives any particular account of the first Hermit; but the following Instrument will shew the liberal Exhibition afforded to his Successors. It is the Patent granted to the last Hermit in 1532, and is copied from an ancient MS. book of Grants, &c. of the VIth Earl of Northumberland, in Henry the VIIIth's time †.

* Psal. xlii. 3, † Classed, F, 1, No, 1, penes Duc,
Northum,

SIR

SIR GEORGE LANCASTRE PATENT OF XX
MERKS BY YERE.

“ HENRY Earl of Northumberland, &c. KNOWE you that I the said Erle, in consideration of the diligent and thankfull service, that my wellbeloved Chaplen sir *George Lancastre* hath done unto me the said Erle, and also for the goode and vertus disposition that I do perceiue in him : And for that he shall have in his daily recommendation and praier's the good estate of all suche noble Blode and other Personages, as be now levyng; And the Soules of such noble Blode as be departed to the mercy of God owte of this present lyve, Whos Names are conteyned and wrettyn in a Table upon parchment signed with thande of me the said Erle, and delivered to the custodie and keapyng of the said sir *George Lancastre* : And further, that he shall kepe and saye his devyn service in celebratyng and doynge Masse of *Requiem* every weke accordinge as it is written and set furth in faide Table : HAVE geven and graunted, and by these presentes do gyve and graunte unto the said sir *George*, myn *Armytage* belded in a Rock of stone within my Parke of WARKWORTH in the County of Northumberland in the honour of the blessed Trynete, With a yerly Stipende of twenty Merks by yer *, from the feest of seint Michell tharchaungell last past afore the date herof yerly duryng the naturall lyve of the said sir *George* : AND also I the said Erle have geven and graunted, and by these Presents do gyve and graunte unto the said sir *George Lancastre*, the occupation of

* This would be equal to £ 100 per annum now, See the Chronicon Pretiosum,

one little Gresground of myn called Cony-garth nygh adjoynynge the said Harmytage, only to his only use and proufit wynter and summer duryng the said terme; THE Garden and Orteyarde belonging the said Armytage; THE Gate† and Pasture of Twelf Kye and a Bull, with their Calves sucking; AND two Horses goying and beyng within my said Parke of Warkworth wynter and former; ONE Draught of Fisshe every Sondaie in the yere to be drawnen forenenst* the said Armytage, called The Trynete Draught; AND Twenty Lods of Fyrewode to be taken of my Woods called Shilbottell Wode, duryng the said term. The said Stipend of xx Merks by yer to be taken and perceived † yerly of the rent and ferme of my Fisshyng of Warkworth, by thands of the Fermour or Fermours of the same for the tyme beyng yerly at the times ther used and accustomed by evyn Portions. In wytness

whereof to thes my Letters Allowe in recompence
 Patentes I the said Erle herof yerly x †.
 have set the Seale of myn Richerd Ryche.

Armes: YEVEN undre my
 Signet at my Castell of Warkworth, the third
 daye of December, in the xxiiiith Yer of the
 Reigne of our Sovereyn Lord kyng Henry the
 eight."

On the Dissolution of the Monasteries, the above Patent was produced before the Court of Augmentation in Michaelmas-Term, 20 Oct. A. 29. Hen. VIII. when the same was allowed by

† i. e. Going, from the verb, 'To Gae.

* Or fore-anenst; i. e. opposite, † Sic MS. ‡ So the MS.
 The above Sir Richard Ryche was Chancellor of the Augmentation at the Suppression of the Monasteries.

the Chancellor and Counsel of the said Court, and all the profits confirmed to the incumbent sir George Lancaster ; excepting that in compensation for the annual Stipend of Twenty Marks, he was to receive a Stipend of Ten Marks, and to have a free Chapel called the Rood Chapel, and the Hospital of St. Leonard, within the Barony of Wigdon, in the County of Cumberland.

After the perusal of the above PATENT it will perhaps be needless to caution the Reader against a Mistake, some have fallen into ; of confounding this Hermitage NEAR Warkworth, with a Chantry founded WITHIN the town itself, by Nicholas de Farnham, bishop of Durham, in the reign of Henry III. who appropriated the Church of Braneston for the maintenance there of two Benedictine Monks from Durham *. That small monastic foundation is indeed called a CELL by bishop Tanner † : but he must be very ignorant, who supposes that by the word CELL is necessarily to be understood a Hermitage ; whereas it was commonly applied to any small conventual establishment, which was dependant on another.

As for the Chapel belonging to this endowment of bishop Farnham, it is mentioned as in ruins in several old Surveys of queen Elizabeth's time ; and its scite, not far from Warkworth Church, is still remembered. But that there was never more than ONE Priest maintained, at one and the same time, within the HERMITAGE, is plainly proved (if any further proof be wanting) by the following Extract from a Survey of Warkworth, made in the Year 1567, ‡ viz.

* Ang. Sacr. p. 738. † Not Mon. 396. ‡ By George Clarkson, MS. penes Duc. North.

“ Ther is in the Parke (sc. of Warkworth) also one Howse hewyn within one Cragge, which is called the *Harmitage Chapel* : In the same ther haith bene *one Preast* keaped which did such godlye services as that tyme was used and celebrated. The Mansion Howse (sc. the small building adjoining to the Cragg) ys now in decaye : The Closes that appertained to the said Chantrie ys occupied to his Lordship's use.”

THE END.



SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

AND THE

BLEEDING ROCK,

TWO LEGENDARY TALES,

BY MISS HANNAH MORE.

Of them who, wrapt in Earth so cold,
No more the smiling day shall view,
Shou'd many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

LANGHORNE.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REVOLUTION

OF THE UNITED STATES

IN THE YEAR 1776

BY JAMES OSGOOD

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY

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OFFICE OF THE

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

WASHINGTON

T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

S I R,

IT is scarcely possible that any one should entertain a more humble opinion of the following little Production, than she who presents it to you. It is a trifle which, she confesses, has but a very slender claim to your protection; but she considers that your Name will be an ornament to her Book, as your Friendship has been an honour to its Author.

Where merit is incontestible, and characters are decided by the concurring suffrage of mankind, praise becomes almost impertinent. It is absurd to be industrious in proving truths so self-evident, that no one ever thought of controverting them.

I may be accused of advancing a startling proposition, when I declare that you are an enemy to the Muses; but if it be

be allowed that description and invention are the very soul of Poetry I shall be justified by the world in general, who constantly behold you displaying talents which cannot be described, and exhibiting excellences which leave nothing to be imagined.

Whatever reason I may find to regret my having ventured these little Poems into the world, I shall at least have no common pleasure in recollecting one circumstance attending them, since they furnish me with an occasion of assuring you with what esteem and admiration

I am, S I R,

Your most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

HANNAH MORE.

BRISTOL,

Dec. 14, 1775.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART I.

*O nostra Vita. ch'è sì bella in vista!
Com' perde agevolmente in un momento,
Quel. ch'en molt' anni a grand penas' acquista!*

PETRARCA.

THERE was a young and valiant Knight,
SIR ELDRED was his name,
And never did a worthier wight
The rank of knighthood claim.

Where gliding Tay her stream sends forth,
To feed the neighbouring wood,
The ancient glory of the North,
SIR ELDRED's castle stood.

The youth was rich as youth might be
In patrimonial dower;
And many a noble feat had he
Atchieved, in hall, and bower.

He

He did not think, as some have thought,
 Whom honour never crown'd,
 The fame a father dearly bought,
 Could make the son renown'd.

He better thought, a nobler fire,
 Who gallant deeds had done,
 To deeds of hardihood shou'd fire
 A brave and gallant son.

The fairest ancestry on earth
 Without desert is poor ;
 And every deed of lofty worth
 Is but a claim for more.

SIR ELDRED's heart was good and kind,
 Alive to Pity's call ;
 A crowd of virtues grac'd his mind,
 He lov'd, and felt for all.

When *merit* rais'd the sufferer's name,
 He shower'd his bounty *then* ;
 And those who could not prove that claim,
 He succour'd still as *men*.

But sacred truth the Muse compels
 His errors to impart ;
 And yet the Muse reluctant tells
 The fault of ELDRED's heart.

Tho' kind and gentle as the dove,
 As free from guilt and art,
 And mild, and soft as infant love
 The feelings of his heart,

Yet

Yet if the passions storm'd his soul,
 By jealousy led on;
 The whirlwind rage disdain'd controul,
 And bore his virtues down.

Not Thule's waves so wildly break
 'To drown the northern shore;
 Nor Etna's entrails fiercer shake;
 Or Scythia's tempests roar.

As when on summer's sweetest day,
 To fan the fragrant morn,
 The sighing breezes softly stray
 O'er fields of ripen'd corn;

Sudden the lightning's blast descends,
 Deforms the ravag'd fields;
 At once the various ruin blends,
 And all resistless yields.

But when, to clear his stormy breast,
 The sun of reason shone,
 And ebbing passions sunk to rest,
 And shew'd what rage had done;

O then what anguish he betray'd!
 His shame how deep, how true!
 He view'd the waste his rage had made,
 And shudder'd at the view.

The meek-ey'd dawn, in saffron robe,
 Proclaim'd the opening day.
 Up rose the sun to gild the globe,
 And hail the new-born May;

The

The birds their vernal notes repeat,
 And glad the thick'ning grove,
 And feather'd partners fondly greet
 With many a song of love ;

When pious ELDRED walk'd abroad
 His morning vows to pay,
 And hail the universal Lord
 Who gave the goodly day.

That done—he left his woodland glade,
 And journey'd far away :
 He lov'd to court the stranger shade,
 And thro' the lone vale stray.

Within the bosom of a wood,
 By circling hills embrac'd,
 A little, modest mansion stood,
 Built by the hand of taste.

While many a prouder castle fell,
 This safely did endure ;
 The house where guardian virtues dwell
 Is sacred, and secure.

Of Eglantine an humble fence
 Around the mansion stood,
 Which charm'd at once the ravish'd sense,
 And screen'd an infant wood.

The wood receiv'd an added grace,
 As pleas'd it bent to look,
 And view'd its ever verdant face
 Reflected in a brook.

The

The smallness of the stream did well
 The master's fortune's shew ;
 But little streams may serve to tell
 From what a source they flow.

This mansion own'd an aged Knight,
 And such a man was he,
 As heaven just shews to human sight
 To tell what man shou'd be.

His youth in many a well fought field
 Was train'd betimes to war ;
 His bosom like a well worn shield,
 Was grac'd with many a scar.

The vigour of a green old age
 His reverend form did bear ;
 And yet, alas ! the warrior sage
 Had drain'd the dregs of care :

And sorrow more than age can break,
 And wound its hapless prey ;
 'Twas sorrow furrow'd his firm cheek,
 And turn'd his bright locks gray.

One darling daughter sooth'd his cares,
 A young and beauteous dame ;
 Sole comfort of his failing years,
 And BIRTHA was her name.

Her heart a little sacred shrine,
 Where all the Virtues meet ;
 And holy Hope, and Faith divine,
 Had claim'd it for their seat.

She

She rear'd a fair and fragrant bower
 Of wild and rustic taste,
 And there she screen'd each fav'rite flower
 From every ruder blast.

And not a shrub or plant was there
 But did some moral yield ;
 For wisdom, by a father's care,
 Was found in every field.

The trees whose foliage fell away,
 And with the summer died,
 He thought an image of decay
 Might lecture human pride.

While fair, perennial greens that stood,
 And brav'd the wintry blast,
 As types of the fair mind he viewed
 Which shall for ever last.

He taught her that the gaudiest flowers
 Were seldom fragrant found,
 But wasted soon their little powers,
 Lay useless on the ground.

While the sweet scented rose shall last,
 And boast its fragrant power,
 When life's imperfect day is past,
 And beauty's shorter hour.

And here the virgin lov'd to lead
 Her inoffensive day,
 And here she oft retir'd to read,
 And oft retir'd to pray.

Embower'd

Embower'd she grac'd the woodland shades,
 From courts and cities far,
 The pride of Caledonian maids,
 The peerless northern star.

As shines that bright and blazing star,
 The glory of the night,
 When sailing thro' the cloudless air,
 She sheds her silver light.

So BIRTHA shone!—But when she spoke
 The Muse herself was heard,
 As on the ravish'd air she broke,
 And thus her prayer preferr'd.

“ O bless thy BIRTHA, Power Supreme,
 “ In whom I live and move,
 “ And bless me most by blessing him
 “ Whom more than life I love.”

She starts to hear a stranger's voice,
 And with a modest grace
 She lifts her meek eye in surprize,
 And sees a stranger's face.

The stranger lost in transport stood,
 Bereft of voice and pow'r,
 While she with equal wonder view'd
 SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER.

The virgin blush which spreads her cheek,
 With Nature's purest dye,
 And all those dazzling beams which break,
 Like morning from her eye.

He

He view'd them all, and as he view'd
 Drank deeply of delight ;
 And still his raptur'd eye purfued,
 And feasted on the fight.

With filent wonder long they gaz'd,
 And neither filence broke ;
 At length the smother'd paffion blaz'd,
 Enamour'd ELDRED spoke :

“ O facred Virtue, heavenly power !
 “ Thy wondrous force I feel ;
 “ I gaze, I tremble, I adore,
 “ Yet die my love to tell.

“ My fcorn has oft the dart repell'd
 “ Which guileful beauty threw,
 “ But goodnefs heard, and grace beheld,
 “ Muft every heart fubdue.”

Quick on the ground her eyes were caft,
 And now as quickly rais'd :——
 Her father haply that way paft,
 On whom ſhe trembling gaz'd.

Good ARDOLPH's eye his BIRTHA meets
 With glances of delight ;
 And thus with courteous ſpeech he greets
 The young and graceful Knight ;

“ O

“ O gallant Youth, whoe’er thou art,
 “ ‘Thou art welcome to this place ;
 “ There’s something rises at my heart,
 “ Which says I’ve seen that face.”

“ Thou generous Knight,” the youth rejoin’d,
 “ Tho’ little known to fame,
 “ I trust I bear a grateful mind—
 “ Sir ELDRED is my name.

“ Sir ELDRED ?”—ARDOLPH loud exclaim’d,
 “ Renowned for worth and power ?
 “ For valour and for virtue fam’d,
 “ SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER ?

“ Now make me grateful, righteous Heaven,
 “ As thou art good to me,
 “ Since to my aged eyes ’tis given
 “ Sir ELDRED’s son to see !

Then ARDOLPH caught him by the hand,
 And gaz’d upon his face,
 And to his aged bosom strain’d,
 With many a kind embrace.

Again he view’d him o’er and o’er,
 And doubted still the truth,
 And asked what he had ask’d before,
 Then thus address’d the youth :

“ Come

“ Come now beneath my roof I pray,
“ Some needful rest to take,
“ And with us many a chearful day
“ Thy friendly sojourn make.”

He enter'd at the gate straitway
Some needful rest to take,
And with them many a chearful day
Did friendly sojourn make.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART.

SIR ELDRED OF THE BOWER,

A

LEGENDARY TALE.

PART II.

ONCE—'twas on a summer's walk,
The gaudy day was fled ;
They cheated Time with chearful talk,
When thus Sir ARDOLPH said :

“ Thy father was the firmest friend

“ That e'er my being blest ?

“ And every virtue Heaven could send,

“ Fast bound him to my breast.

“ Together did we learn to bear

“ The casque and ample shield ;

“ Together learn'd in many a war,

“ The deathful spear to wield.

“ To make our union still more dear,

“ We both were doom'd to prove

“ What is most sweet and most severe

“ In heart dissolving love.

H

The

“ The daughter of a neighbouring Knight
“ Did *my* fond heart engage ;
“ And ne’er did Heaven the virtues write
“ Upon a fairer page.

“ *His* bosom felt an equal wound,
“ Nor sighed we long in vain :
“ One summer’s sun beheld us bound
“ In Hymen’s holy chain.

“ Thou wast Sir ELDRED’s only child,
“ Thy father’s darling joy ;
“ On me a lovely daughter smil’d ;
“ On me a blooming boy.

“ But man has woes, has clouds of care,
“ That dim his star of life——
“ My arms receiv’d the little pair,
“ The earth’s cold breast my wife.

“ Forgive, thou gentle Knight, forgive,
“ Fond foolish tears will flow ;
“ One day like mine thy heart may grieve,
“ And mourn its lot of woe.

“ But grant, kind Heaven! thou ne’er may’st know
“ The pangs I now impart ;
“ Nor ever feel the deadly blow
“ That rives a husband’s heart.

“ Beside the blooming banks of *Tay*,
“ My angel’s ashes sleep ;
“ And wherefore should her ARDOLPH stay,
“ Except to watch and weep ?

“ I bore

“ I bore my beauteous babes away
 “ With many a gushing tear,
 “ I left the blooming banks of *Tay*,
 “ And brought my darlings here.

“ I watch’d my little household cares,
 “ And form’d their growing youth ;
 “ And fondly train’d their infant years
 “ To love and cherish truth.”

“ Thy blooming BIRTHA here I see,”
 Sir ELDRED strait rejoin’d ;
 “ But why the son is not with thee,
 “ Resolve my doubting mind.”

When BIRTHA did the question hear,
 She sigh’d but could not speak ;
 And many a soft and silent tear,
 Stray’d down her damask cheek.

Then pass’d o’er good Sir ARDOLPH’s face,
 A cast of deadly pale ;
 But soon compos’d, with manly grace
 He thus renew’d his tale :

“ For him my heart too much has bled,
 “ For him, my darling son,
 “ Has sorrow prest my hoary head ;
 “ But Heaven’s high will be done ;

“ Scarce eighteen winters had revolv’d,
 “ To crown the circling year,
 “ Before my valiant boy resolv’d
 “ The warrior’s lance to bear.

- “ Too high I priz’d my native land,
 “ Too dear his fame I held,
 “ T’ oppose a parent’s stern command,
 “ And keep him from the field.

 “ He left me—left his sister too,
 “ Yet tears bedew’d his face—
 “ What could a feeble old man do ? —
 “ He burst from my embrace.

 “ O think of glory, fatal flame ?
 “ O laurels dearly bought ?
 “ Yet sweet is death when earn’d with fame—
 “ So virtuous EDWY thought.

 “ Full manfully the brave boy strove,
 “ Tho’ pressing ranks oppose ;
 “ But weak the strongest arm must prove
 “ Against an host of foes.

 “ A deadly wound my son receives,
 “ A spear assails his side :
 “ Grief does not kill—for ARDOLPH lives
 “ To tell that EDWY died.

 “ His long lov’d mother died again
 “ In EDWY’s parting groan ;
 “ I wept for her, yet wept in vain—
 “ I wept for both in one.

 “ I would have died—I fought to die :
 “ But Heaven restrained the thought,
 “ And to my passion-clouded eye
 “ My helpless BIRTHA brought.

“ When

“ When lo! array’d in robes of light,
 “ A nymph celestial came ;
 “ She clear’d the mists that dimm’d my fight—
 “ RELIGION was her name.

“ She prov’d the chastisement divine,
 “ And bade me kiss the rod ;
 “ She taught this rebel heart of mine
 “ Submission to its God.

“ RELIGION taught me to sustain
 “ What nature bade me feel ;
 “ And piety reliev’d the pain
 “ Which time can never heal.

He ceas’d—with sorrow and delight
 The tale Sir ELDRED hears,
 Then weeping cries—“ Thou noble Knight,
 “ For thanks accept my tears.

“ O ARDOLPH, might I dare aspire
 “ To claim so bright a boon ;
 “ Good old Sir ELDRED was my sire—
 “ And thou hast lost a son.

“ And tho’ I want a worthier plea
 “ To urge so dear a cause ;
 “ Yet, let me to thy bosom be
 “ What once thy EDWY was.

“ My trembling tongue its aid denies ;
 “ For thou may’st disapprove ;
 “ Then read it in my ardent eyes,
 “ Oh! read the tale of love.

“ Thy beauteous BIRTHA ! ” — “ Gracious Power,
 “ How could I e’er repine,”
 Cries ARDOLPH, “ since I see this hour ?
 “ Yes——BIRTHA shall be thine.”

A little transient gleam of red
 Shot faintly o’er her face,
 And every trembling feature spread
 With sweet disordered grace.

The tender father kindly smil’d
 With fulness of content,
 And fondly eyed his darling child,
 Who, bashful, blush’d consent.

O then to paint the vast delight
 That fill’d Sir ELDRED’s heart,
 To tell the transports of the Knight,
 Wou’d mock the Muse’s art.

But every kind and gracious soul,
 Where gentle passions dwell,
 Will better far conceive the whole,
 Than any Muse can tell.

The more the Knight his BIRTHA knew,
 The more he priz’d the maid ;
 Some worth each day produc’d to view,
 Some grace each hour betray’d.

The virgin too was fond to charm
 The dear accomplish’d Youth ;
 His single breast she strove to warm,
 And crown’d with love his truth.

Unlike

Unlike the dames of modern days,
 Who *general* homage claim,
 Who court the *universal* gaze,
 And pant for *public* fame.

Then Beauty but on merit smil'd,
 Nor were her chaste smiles fold ;
 No venal father gave his child
 For grandeur or for gold.

The ardour of young ELDRED's flame
 But ill cou'd brook delay,
 And oft he press'd the maid to name
 A speedy nuptial day.

The fond impatience of his breast
 'I was all in vain to hide,
 But she his eager suit repress'd
 With modest maiden pride.

When oft Sir ELDRED press'd the day
 Which was to crown her truth,
 The thoughtful Sire would sigh, and say,
 " O happy state of youth !

" It little reck's the woes which wait
 " To scare its dreams of joy,
 " Nor thinks to-morrow's alter'd fate
 " May all those dreams destroy.

" And tho' the flatterer, Hope, deceives,
 " And painted prospects shews ;
 " Yet man still cheated, still believes
 " Till death the bright scene close.

- " So look'd my bride, so sweetly mild,
 " On me her beauty's slave :
 " But whilst she look'd, and whilst she smil'd,
 " She sunk into the grave.
 " Yet, O forgive an old man's care,
 " Forgive a father's zeal :
 " Who fondly loves must greatly fear,
 " Who fears must greatly feel.
 " Once more in soft and sacred bands
 " Shall Love and Hymen meet ;
 " To-morrow shall unite your hands,
 " And——be your bliss complete !"

The rising sun inflam'd the sky,
 The golden orient blush'd,
 But BIRTHA's cheeks a sweeter die,
 A brighter crimson flush'd.

The Priest, in milk-white vestments clad,
 Perform'd the mystic rite :
 Love lit the hallow'd torch that led
 To Hymen's chaste delight.

How feeble language were to speak
 Th' immeasurable joy
 That fir'd Sir ELDRED's ardent cheek,
 And triumph'd in his eye !

Sir ARDOLPH's pleasure stood confess'd,
 A pleasure all his own ;
 The guarded rapture of a breast
 Which many a grief had known.

'Twas

'Twas such a sober sense of joy
 As Angels well might keep ;
 A joy chafis'd by piety,
 A joy prepar'd to weep.

To recollect her scatter'd thought,
 And shun the noon-tide hour,
 The lovely bride in secret fought
 The coolness of her bower.

Long she remain'd——th' enamour'd Knight,
 Impatient at her stay,
 And all unfit to taste delight
 When BIRTHA was away,

Betakes him to the secret Bower ;
 His footsteps softly move ;
 Impell'd by every tender power,
 He steals upon his love.

O horror ! horror ! blasting fight !
 He sees his BIRTHA's charms,
 Reclin'd with melting fond delight,
 Within a stranger's arms.

Wild frenzy fires his frantic hand,
 Distracted at the sight,
 He flies to where the lovers stand,
 And stabs the stranger Knight.

“ Die, traitor, die, thy guilty flames
 “ Demand th' avenging steel”—
 “ It is my brother, she exclaims,
 “ 'Tis EDWY—Oh farewell !”

An aged peasant, EDWY's guide,
 The good old ARDOLPH fought ;
 He told him that his bosom's pride,
 His EDWY, he had brought.

O how the father's feelings melt !
 How faint and how revive !
 Just so the Hebrew Patriarch felt,
 To find his son alive.

" Let me behold my darling's face,
 " And bless him ere I die !
 Then with a swift and vigorous pace,
 He to the Bower did hie.

O sad reverse !—sunk on the ground
 His slaughter'd son he view'd,
 And dying BIRTHA close he found
 In brother's blood imbru'd.

Cold, speechless, senseless, ELDRED near
 Gaz'd on the deed he'd done :
 Like the blank statue of *Despair*,
 Or *Madness* grav'd in stone.

The father saw—so Jephthah stood,
 So turn'd his woe-fraught eye,
 When the dear, destin'd child he view'd,
 His zeal had doom'd to die.

He look'd the woe he could not speak,
 And on the pale corse prest
 His wan, discolour'd, dying cheek,
 And silent sunk to rest.

Then

Then BIRTHA faintly rais'd her eye,
Which long had ceas'd to stream,
On ELDRED fix'd with many a sigh
Its dim, departing beam.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death
Upon her pale face stand;
And quick and short her failing breath,
And tremulous her hand.

The cold, cold dews of hastening death,
The dim departing eye,
The quivering hand, the short quick breath:
He view'd—and did not die.

He saw her spirit mount in air,
Its kindred skies to seek!
His heart its anguish could not bear,
And yet it would not break.

The mournful Muse forbears to tell
How wretched ELDRED died:
She draws the Grecian * Painter's veil,
The vast distress to hide.

Yet Heaven's decrees are just and wise,
And man is born to bear,
Joy is the portion of the skies,
Beneath them, all is care.

* In the celebrated Picture of the Sacrifice of Iphigenia, Timanthes having exhausted every image of grief in the bystanders, threw a veil over the face of the father, whose sorrow he was utterly unable to express. PLIN. Book xxxv.

T H E E N D.

Fragment

No look on ought that pleased once
With tears ~~do~~ make mine eyes
overflow:

Hlas! That air was pleasure then
Is turned all to sorrow now:

For time hath² been when each new
Morn
Unto my heart brought new Delight;
But joys of youth do lack the power
To soothe a care-worn - aged wight!

No splendour hath the summer-sun,
No charms the pale moon now for me,
No fragrance in the rose I find -
No music in the sounding sea!

But fragrant is the cypress tree
And musical the passing-Bell
To me - Its sinking in the tomb -
Must bid this gaudy world -
Farewell!

T H E
B L E E D I N G R O C K,
A
L E G E N D A R Y T A L E.

— The annual wound allur'd
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate,
In amorous ditties all a summer's day;
While smooth Adonis from his native Rock
Ran purple to the sea suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded. MILTON.

WHERE beauteous *Belmont* rears its modest brow,
To view *Sabrina's* silver waves below,
Liv'd LINDAMIRA; fair as Beauty's Queen,
The same sweet form, the same enchanting mein,
With all that softer elegance of mind
By genius heighten'd, and by taste refin'd.
Yet early was she doom'd the child of care,
For love, ill-fated love subdu'd the fair.
Ah! what avails each captivating grace,
The form enchanting, or the finish'd face;
Or what each beauty on the heaven-born mind,
The soul superior or the taste refin'd?
Beauty but serves destruction to insure,
And *sense*, to feel the pang it cannot cure,
Each

Each neighb'ring youth aspir'd to gain her hand,
 And many a suitor came from many a land,
 But all in vain each neighb'ring youth aspir'd,
 And distant suitors all in vain admir'd,
 Averse to hear, yet fearful to offend,
 The lover she refus'd she made a friend :
 Her meek rejection wore so mild a face,
 More like acceptance seem'd it than disgrace.

Young POLYDORÉ, the pride of rural swains,
 Was wont to visit *Belmont's* blooming plains,
 Who has not heard how *Polydore* cou'd throw
 Th' unerring dart to wound the flying doe ?
 How leave the swiftest at the race behind,
 How mount the courser, and outstrip the wind ?
 With melting sweetness, or with magic fire,
 Breathe the soft flute, or strike the louder lyre ?
 From that fam'd lyre no vulgar music sprung,
 The Graces tun'd it and Apollo strung.

Apollo too was once a shepherd swain,
 And fed the flock, and grac'd the rustic plain,
 He taught what charms to rural life belong,
 The social sweetness, and the sylvan song :
 He taught fair Wisdom in her grove to wooe,
 Her joys how precious and her wants how few !
 The savage herds in mute attention stood,
 And ravish'd *Echo* fill'd the vocal wood ;

The

The sacred Sisters, stooping from their sphere,
 Forgot their golden harps, intent to hear,
 Till Heaven the scene survey'd with jealous eyes,
 And Jove in envy, call'd him to the skies.

Young *Polydore* was rich in large domains,
 In smiling pastures, and in flowery plains :
 With these he boasted each exterior charm,
 To win the prudent, and the cold to warm ;
 To act the tenderness he never felt,
 In sorrow soften, and in anguish melt.
 The sigh elaborate, the fraudulent tear,
 The joy dissembled, and the well-feign'd fear,
 All these were his ; and his the treacherous art
 That steals the guileless and unpractis'd heart.

Too soon he heard of *Lindamira's* fame,
 'Twas each enamour'd Shepherd's fav'rite theme :
 Return'd the rising and the setting sun,
 The Shepherd's fav'rite theme was never done.
 They prais'd her wit, her worth, her shape, her
 air !

And even inferior beauties thought her fair.

Such sweet perfection all his wonder mov'd ;
 He saw, admir'd, nay, fancied that he lov'd :
 But *Polydore* no real passion knew,
 Lost to all truth in feigning to be true,
 No sense of tenderness could warm a heart,
 Too proud to feel, too selfish to impart.

Cold

Cold as the snows of *Rhodope* descend,
 And with the chilling waves of *Hebrus* blend ;
 So cold the breast where *Vanity* presides,
 And mean self-love the bosom-feelings guides.

Too well he knew to make his conquest sure,
 With her soft heart, yet keep his own secure.
 So oft he told the well-imagin'd tale,
 So oft he swore—how should he not prevail ?
 Too unsuspecting not to be deceiv'd,
 The well-imagined tale the nymph believ'd ;
 She lov'd the youth, she thought herself belov'd,
 Nor blush'd to praise whom every maid approv'd.
 Alas ! that youth from *Lindamira* far
 For newer conquests wages cruel war ;
 With other nymphs on other plains he roams,
 Where injur'd *Lindamira* never comes ;
 Laughs at her easy faith, insults her woe,
 Nor pities tears himself had taught to flow.

And now her eye's soft radiance seem'd to fail,
 And now the crimson of her cheek grew pale ;
 The lily there, in faded beauty, shews
 Its sickly empire o'er the vanquish'd rose.
 Devouring sorrow marks her for his prey,
 And slow and certain mines his silent way.
 Yet, as apace her ebbing life declin'd,
 Increasing strength sustain'd her firmer mind.
 " O had my heart been hard as his," she cried,
 An hapless victim thus I had not died :

If

If there be gods, and gods there surely are,
 Insulted virtue doubtless is their care.
 Then hasten, righteous Heaven ! my tedious fate,
 Shorten my woes, and end my mortal date :
 Quick let your power transform this failing frame,
 Let me be any thing but what I am !
 And since the cruel woes I'm doom'd to feel,
 Proceed, alas ! from having lov'd too well ;
 Grant me some form where love can have no part,
 Nor human weakness reach my guarded heart.
 If pity has not left your blest abodes,
 Change me to flinty adamant, ye Gods ;
 To hardest rock, or monumental stone,
 Rather than let me know the pangs I've known,
 So shall I thus no farther torments prove,
 Nor taunting rivals say, ' she died for love.'
 For sure if aught can aggravate our fate,
 'Tis scorn, or pity from the breast we hate."
 She said,—the Gods accord the sad request ;
 For when were pious pray'rs in vain address ?

Now, strange to tell ! if rural folks say true,
 To harden'd Rock the stiffening damsel grew ;
 No more her shapeless features can be known,
 Stone is her body, and her limbs are stone ;
 The growing rock invades her beauteous face,
 And quickly petrifies each living grace ;
 The stone her stature nor her shape retains,
 The nymph is vanish'd, but the rock remains.
 Yet wou'd her heart its vital spirits keep,
 And scorn to mingle with the marble heap.

When

When babbling Fame the fatal tidings bore,
 Grief seiz'd the soul of perjur'd *Polydore* ;
 Despair and horror robb'd his soul of rest,
 And deep compunction wrung his tortur'd breast,
 Then to the fatal spot in haste he hied,
 And plung'd a deadly poniard in his side :
 He bent his dying eyes upon the stone,
 And, " Take, sweet maid," he cried, " my parting
 groan."

Fainting, the steel he grasp'd, and as he fell,
 The weapon pierc'd the Rock he lov'd so well ;
 The guiltless steel assail'd the mortal part,
 And stab'd the vital, vulnerable heart.
 The life-blood issuing from the wounded stone,
 Blends with the crimson current of his own,
 And tho' revolving ages since have past,
 The meeting torrents undiminish'd last ;
 Still gushes out the sanguine stream amain,
 The standing wonder of the stranger swain.

Now once a year, so rustic records tell,
 When o'er the heath resounds the midnight bell ;
 On eve of Midsummer that foe to sleep,
 What time young maids their annual vigils keep;
 The * tell-tale shrub fresh gather'd to declare
 The swains who false, from those who constant are;
 When ghosts in clanking chains the church-yard
 walk,
 And to the wondering ear of fancy talk :

* Midsummer-men, consulted as oracles by village maids.

When

When the fear'd maid steals trembling thro' the
 grove,
 To kiss the tomb of him who died for love;
 When with long watchings, *Care*, at length oppress'd,
 Steals broken pauses of uncertain rest;
 Nay *Grief* short snatches of repose can take,
 And nothing but *Despair* is quite awake,
 Then, at that hour, so still, so full of fear,
 When all things horrible to thought appear,
 Is perjur'd *Polydore* observ'd to rove
 A ghastly spectre thro' the gloomy grove;
 Then to the Rock, the *Bleeding Rock* repair,
 Where sadly fighting, it dissolves to air.

Still when the hour of solemn rites return,
 The village train in sad procession mourn;
 Pluck every weed which might the spot disgrace,
 And plant the fairest field flow'rs in their place.
 Around no noxious plant, or floweret grows,
 But the first daffodil, and earliest rose:
 The snow-drop spreads its whitest bosom here,
 And golden cowslips grace the vernal year;
 Here the pale primrose takes a fairer hue,
 And every violet boasts a brighter blue.
 Here builds the woodlark, here the faithful dove
 Laments her lost, or woos her living love.
 Secure from harm is every hallowed nest,
 The spot is sacred where true lovers rest.

To

To guard the Rock from each malignant sprite
A troop of guardian spirits watch by night,
Aloft in air each takes his little stand,
The neighb'ring hill is hence call'd *Fairy Land*.*

* By contraction *Failland*, a hill well known in Somersetshire; not far from this is *The Bleeding Rock*, from which constantly issues a crimson current.

T H E E N D.



LUCY AND COLIN.

— was written by Thomas Tickel, Esq; the celebrated friend of Mr. Addison, and editor of his works. He was son of a Clergyman in the north of England, had his education at Queen's college Oxon, was under-secretary to Mr. Addison and Mr. Cragge, when successively secretaries of state; and was lastly (in June 1724) appointed secretary to the Lord Justices in Ireland, which place he held till his death in 1740. He acquired Mr. Addison's patronage by a poem in praise of the opera of Rosamond written while he was at the University.

OF Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face,

Till luckless love, and pining care,
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh!

Oh ! have you seen a lilly pale,
 When beating rains descend ?
 So droop'd the slow consuming maid ;
 Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warn'd, of flattering fwains,
 Take heed, ye easy fair :
 Of vengeance due to broken vows
 Ye perjur'd fwains beware.

Three times all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring ;
 And as her window shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew,
 The solemn boding sound ;
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round,

“ I hear a voice, you cannot hear,
 Which says I must not stay :
 I see a hand, you cannot see,
 Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart, and broken vows,
 In early youth I die,
 Am I to blame, because his bride
 Is thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah

“ Ah Colin ! give her not thy vows ;
 Vows due to me alone ;
 Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kifs,
 Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow in the Church to wed,
 Impatient, both prepare ;
 But know, fond maid, and know, false man,
 That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse : ye comrades, bear,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding trim so gay,
 I in my winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts
 How were those nuptials kept ;
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, (ah bride no more)
 The varying crimson fled,
 When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
 She saw her husband dead.

Then

Then to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 One mould with her, beneath one sod,
 For ever now remains.

Oft at their grave the constant hind
 And plighted maid are seen ;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots,
 They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd spot forbear ;
 Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
 And fear to meet him there.

WILLIAM

W I L L I A M
A N D
M A R G A R E T.*
BY MR. M A L L E T.

* *In a comedy of Fletcher, called The Knight of the burning Pestle, old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses :*

When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came *Margaret's* grimly ghost,
And stood at *William's* feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote ; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy : and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the following poem ; which was written many years ago.

I

'T WAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet ;
In glided MARGARET's grimly ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud :
And clay-cold was her lilly-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown :
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like a springing flower,
That tips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love, had like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.

VI. Awake !

VI.

Awake ! she cri'd, thy true Love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
When yawning graves give up their dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, *William*, of thy fault,
Thy pledge and broken oath :
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witlefs maid !
Believe the flattering tale ?

XII.

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
Those lips no longer red :
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sifter is ;
This winding sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
A long and late adieu !
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red :
Pale *William* quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI. He

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where *Margaret's* body lay :
 And stretch'd him on the green grass' turf,
 That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on *Margaret's* name,
 And thrice he wept full sore :
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more !



E D W I N

A N D

E M M A.

BY MR. M A L L E T.

On the publication of this ballad, in the year 1760, Mr. Mallet subjoined an attestation of the truth of the facts related in it, which we shall give the reader literally :

Extract of a letter from the curate of Bowes in Yorkshire, on the subject of the preceding poem, to Mr. Capperthwaite at Marrick.

“Worthy sir,

“As to the affair mentioned in yours ; it happened long before my time. I have therefore been obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the neighbourhood for the truth of that melancholy event. The history of it is as follows :

*“The family-name of the young man was Wrightson ; of the young maiden Railton. They were both much of the same age ; that is growing up to twenty. In their birth was no disparity ; but in fortune, alas ! she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man, who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency, expected and required that his son
should*

should marry suitably. But as *amor vincit omnia*, his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt: for they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, that blood was nothing without groats.

“ The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the Sunday seven-night after.

“ On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress: she was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

“ At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

“ The then curate of * Bowes inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

“ I am,

“ Dear sir,

“ Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former ages the earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. Camd. Brit.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of Health and Peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

There beauteous *Emma* flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

The softest blush that nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek :
 Such orient colours smiles thro' heaven
 When May's sweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains :
 That sun who bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lilly deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair ;
 And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

Till *Edwin* came, the pride of swains,
 A soul that knew no art ;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught ;
 Was quickly too reveal'd :
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

What

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow !
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a fordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

In *Edwin's* gentle heart, a war
 Of different passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where *Emma* walk'd and wept.

Oft too on *Stanemore's* wintry waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercast :
So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
Before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
Hung o'er his dying bed ;
And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
And fruitless sorrow shed.

'Tis past ! he cry'd—but if your souls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let these dim eyes once more behold,
What they must ever love !

She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear :
Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
So morning-dews appear.

But oh ! his sister's jealous care
A cruel sister she !

Forbade what *Emma* came to say ;
“ My *Edwin*, live for me.”

Now homeward as she hopeless wept
The church-yard path along,
The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
Her lover's funeral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her startling fancy found
In every bush his hovering shade,
His groan in every sound.

Alone,

Alone, appal'd, thus had she part

The visionary vale—

When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,

Sad-sounding in the gale!

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,

Her aged mother's door—

He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see

That angel-face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart

Beat high against my side—

From her white arm down sunk her head;

She shivering sigh'd, and died.

THE

~~Handwritten text, heavily obscured by dark ink strokes.~~



"But put in the glass & see,
 what would the paper tell
 of the things that are
 in the world of things
 and the things that are
 in the world of things

THE
HERMIT.

A
BALLAD.

BY. DR. GOLDSMITH.

“TURN, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon tapers cheers the vale,
With hospitable ray.

“For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow ;
Where wilds immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.”

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
To tempt the dang’rous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

“Here

“ Here to the houseless child of want,
My door is open still ;
And tho’ my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

“ Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate’er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

“ No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

“ But from the mountain’s grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supply’d,
And water from the spring.

“ Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
For earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

Soft as the dew from heav’n descends,
His gentle accents fell :
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay ;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care ;
 The wicket op'ning with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly prest, and smil'd ;
 And skill'd in legendary lore,
 The ling'ring hour beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
 Its tricks the kitten cries ;
 The cricket chirups in the hearth ;
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
 To sooth the stranger's woe ;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spy'd,
 With answ'ring care oppress'd :
 " And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
 The sorrows of thy breast ?

" From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove :
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
 Or unregarded love ?

" Alas the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling and decay ;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep ;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair one's jest :
 On earth unseen, or only found,
 To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex," he said :
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpriz'd

Surpriz'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view ;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms ;
 The lovely stranger stands confest
 A maid in all her charms.

“ And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn,” she cry'd ;
 Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray ;
 Who seeks her rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.

“ My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he ;
 And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumber'd suitors came ;
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feign'd a flame.

“ Each

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
 With richest proffers strove ;
 Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
 No wealth nor pow'r had he ;
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.

" The blossom op'ning to the day,
 The dews of heav'n refin'd,
 Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine ;
 Their charms were his, but woe to me,
 Their constancy was mine.

" For still I try'd each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain ;
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.

" 'Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride ;
 And sought a solitude forlorn,
 In secret, where he dy'd.

" But

“ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he fought,
And stretch me where he lay.

“ And there, forlorn, despairing hid,
I'll lay me down and die !
’Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I.”

“ Forbid it, Heav’n !” the hermit cry’d,
And clasp’d her to his breast :
The wond’ring fair one turn’d to chide,
’Twas Edwin’s self that prest.

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restor’d to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And ev’ry care resign.”

“ And shall we never, never part,
My life——my all that’s mine ?”

“ No, never, from this hour to part,
We’ll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
Shall break thy Edwin’s too.”



THE
TRAVELLER;
OR, A
PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.
A
P O E M.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

✱ In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions.—We have printed it from the ninth, which was the last edition published in the lifetime of the author.

Eternal

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend,
 Blest be that spot, where chearful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim their ev'ning fire ;
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair.
 Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale,
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
 My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care :
 Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
 Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
 That, like the circle bounding earth and skies ;
 Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
 My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
 And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
 I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
 And, plac'd on high above the storms career,
 Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
 Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
 The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humble pride.
When

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
 Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
 Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
 That good, which makes each humbler bosom vain?
 Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
 These little things are great to little man;
 And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
 Exults in all the good of all mankind.
 Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
 crown'd,
 Ye fields where summer spreads profusion round,
 Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
 Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
 For me your tributary stores combine;
 Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
 Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
 Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
 Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
 Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
 Pleas'd with each good that heav'n to man supplies:
 Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
 To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
 And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
 Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
 Where my worn-soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
 May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

But

But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct when all pretend to know ?
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long night of revelry and ease ;
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his Gods for all the good they gave.
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
 His first best country ever is, at home.
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare
 And estimate the blessings which they share,
 Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind,
 As different good, by art or nature given,
 To different nations make their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
 With food as well the peasant is supply'd
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
 And though the rocky crested summits frown,
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
 From art more various are the blessings sent ;
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.

Yet

Yet these each other's power's so strong contest,
 That either seems destructive of the rest.
 Where wealth and freedom reign contentment
 fails,
 And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
 Hence ev'ry state to one lov'd blessing prone,
 Conforms and models life to that alone.
 Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
 And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
 'Till, carried to excess in each domain,
 This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us view these truths with closer eyes,
 And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
 Here for a while my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind,
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends ;
 Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring top between,
 With venerable grandeur marks the scene.

Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely blest.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;

Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign,
 Though poor, luxurious, though submissive, vain,
 Though grave, yet trifling, zealous, yet untrue,
 And ev'n in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
 state;

At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column fought the skies;
 The canvass glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.
 Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
 Commerce on other shores display'd her fail:
 While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
 But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:

And

And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride :
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The past board triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguill'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
Each nobler aim repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds a shed,
And, wond'ring man could want a larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to survey,
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swifs their stormy mansions tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.

No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array.
 But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May :
 No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
 But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, ev'n here, content can spread a charm,
 Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
 'Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
 No lord the costly sumptuous banquet deal
 To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
 Breasts the keen air, and carole as he goes ;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep ;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
 Smiles by his chearful fire, and round surveys
 His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart,
 And ev'n those hills that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
 But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due,
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
 For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
 Whence from such landseach pleasing science flies,
 That first excites desire, and then supplies;
 Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,
 To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
 Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
 Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
 Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
 On some high festival of once a year,
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
 Till buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow :
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, their manners run,
 And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
 Falls blunted from each indurated heart.
 Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast,
 May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest ;
 But all the gentler morals, such as play
 Through life's more colour'd walks, and charm
 the way,
 These far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
 To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
 I turn : and France displays her bright domain.
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
 How often have I led thy sportive choir,
 With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire ?
 Where shading elms along the margin grew,
 And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew ;
 And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still ;
 But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill ;
 Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
 And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
 Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
 Have led their children through the mirthful
 maze,

And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
 Has frisk'd beneath the burthen of threescore

So

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
 Thus idly busy rolls their world away :
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
 For honour forms the social temper here.
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
 Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
 Here passes current ; paid from hand to hand,
 It shifts in splendid traffic round the land ;
 From courts, to camps, to cottages it strays,
 And all are taught an avarice of praise ;
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
 Till seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
 It gives their follies also room to rise ;
 For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
 Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart ;
 Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace ;
 Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year ;
 The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
 Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
 Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.

Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
 Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
 And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
 Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
 Onward methinks, and diligently flow
 The firm connected bulwark seems to go ;
 Spreads its long arms amidst the watry roar,
 Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
 While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile,
 Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
 The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
 The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
 The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
 A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus while around the wave-subjected soil
 Impels the native to repeated toil,
 Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
 And industry begets a love of gain.
 Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
 With all those illis superfluous treasure brings,
 Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth
 imparts
 Convenience plenty, elegance and arts ;
 But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
 Ev'n liberty itself is barter'd here.
 At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
 The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;

A land

A land of tyrants and a den of slaves,
 Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
 And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
 Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns ! how unlike their Belgic fires of old ;
 Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;
 War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
 How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound my genius spreads her wing,
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide,
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
 There gentlest music melts on every spray ;
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state
 With daring aims irregularly great,
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
 By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand ;
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
 True to imagin'd right, above controul,
 While ev'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
 Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
 Too blest indeed, were such without alloy,
 But foster'd ev'n by Freedom ills annoy,
 That independence Britons prize too high,
 Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
 The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
 Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fires the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
 As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
 Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
 Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
 Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
 And talents sink, and merit weeps unknown ;
 Till time may come when stript of all her charms,
 The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrought for
 fame,
 One sink of level avarice shall lie,
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
 I mean to flatter kings, or court the great ;
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire ;
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel ;
 Thou transitory flow'r alike undone
 By proud contempt, or favour's fost'ring sun,
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
 I only would repress them to secure :
 For just experience tells in every soil,
 That those who think must govern those that toil :
 And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
 Is but to lay proportioned loads on each.
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it Freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms :
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own,
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;

Fear

Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour
 When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
 And thus polluting honour in its source,
 Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
 Have we not seen round Britain's peopled shore,
 Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore?
 Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
 Like flaming tapers bright'ning as they waste;
 Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
 Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
 And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 In barren solitary pomp repose?
 Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Ev'n now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,

The

The penfive exile, bending with his woe,
 To flop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories fhine,
 And bids his bofom fympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary fearch to find
 That blifs which only centres in the mind :
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repofe,
 To feek a good each government beftows ?
 In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws refrain,
 How fmall of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can caufe or cure.
 Still to ourfelves in every place confign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find :
 With fecret courfe, which no loud ftorms annoy,
 Glides the fmooth current of domeftic joy.
 The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of fteel,
 To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
 Leave reafon, faith, and confcience, all our own.

T H E
DESERTED VILLAGE,
A
P O E M.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

SWEET AUBURN ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the lab'ring
 swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd ;
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
'The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made !

How

How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went
 round.

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
 The matron's glance, that would those looks re-
 prove,

These were thy charms, sweet village, sports like
 these,

With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
 These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
 shed,

These were thy charms—But all these charms
 are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:

One

One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 Nor more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
 Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
 And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
 A breath can make them as a breath has made:
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's grief began,
 When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;
 For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
 Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
 His best companions, innocence and health,
 And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
 Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
 Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
 Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose,
 And

And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
 And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
 Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
 Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
 Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
 scene,
 Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
 These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
 And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour,
 Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round the world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
 I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down;
 To husband out life's taper at the close,
 And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt and all I saw;

And,

And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How blest is he who crowns in shades like these,
 A youth of labour with an age of ease:
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His Heav'n commences ere the world be past;

Sweet was the sound when oft at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sang,
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children just let loose from school;

The

The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind :

These all in sweet confusion fought the shade,

And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

For now the sounds of population fail,

No chearful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,

No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,

But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widow'd solitary thing,

'That feebly bends behind the plashy spring ;

She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,

To strip the book with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,

To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn,

She only left of all the harmless train,

The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild :

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,

The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,

And passing rich with forty pounds a year ;

Remote from towns he ran his godly race,

Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
place,

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,

By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour ;

Far

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
 'The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were
 won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
 glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all,
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
 To tempt its new fledg'd offspring to the skies;
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
 The

The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Ew'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
'Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;

Full

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
 Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was his fault ;
 The village all declar'd how much he knew,
 'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too ;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides prefage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge :
 In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For e'en tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring
 found

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
 inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd.
 Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace,
 The parlour splendors of that festive place ;

The

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
 The varnish'd clock that ~~clinked~~^{tick'd} behind the door;
 The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
 The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel gay,
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for shew,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors ! could not all
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall !
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart ;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care ;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail ;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear ;
 The host himself no longer shall be found,
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round ;
 Nor the coy-maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art ;
Spontaneous

Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
 The soul adopts and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd,
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
 In these, ere trifler's half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
 The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
 'Tis your's to judge how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and a happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting folly hails them from the shore:
 Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name,
 That leaves our useful product still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
 Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;
 The robe that wraps his limbs in filken sloth,
 Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
 growth,

L

His

His feat where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies.
 While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
 But when those charms are past, for charms are
 frail,

When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden; and a grave.

Where then, ah, where shall poverty reside,
 To 'scape the pressure of contagious pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there !
 To see profusion that he must not share ;
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
 To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
 Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
 Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
 There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
 Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps
 display,
 There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
 The dome where pleasure holds her midnight
 reign,
 Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train ;
 Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
 The rattling chariots clash the torches glare.
 Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts—Ah, turn thine
 eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distress ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;
 Now lost to all : her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
 And, pinch'd with cold and shrinking from the
 snow'r,
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,

When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliest
 train,

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 Ev'n now, perhaps by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah no ! To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Thro' torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
 crown'd,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake :
 Where crouching tygers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornada flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,

The

The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the destin'd deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, who first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curst by heavn's decree,
How ill exchange'd are things like these for thee!

How do thy portions with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy I
 Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
 Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
 At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe ;
 Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry part unsound,
 Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round,

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done ;
 Ev'n now methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
 That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil, and hospitable care
 And kind connubial tenderness are there ;
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
 And thou sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade ;
 Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
 Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
 Thou

Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
 Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well,
 Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
 Or winter warps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigours of the inclement clime :
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain,
 Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
 Tho' very poor may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 And ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
 While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

T H E
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
A
POETIC EPISTLE,
T O
L O R D C L A R E.

By DR. GOLDSMITH.

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer
or fatter
Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy,
Tho' my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help
regretting,
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating;
I had thoughts in my chamber to set it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtu;

As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
 One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show :
 But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
 They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fry'd in.
 But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce ;
 Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
 By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it's no bounce : I protest in my turn,

It's a truth—and your lordship may ask Mr. Burn.*
 To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the haunch ;
 I thought of a friend that was trusty and staunch,
 So I cut it, and sent it to Reynold's undrest,
 To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.
 Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose ;
 'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monro's :
 But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
 With the how, and the who, and the where, and,
 the when.

There's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
 I think they love venison, I know they love beef,
 There's my countryman Higgins—Oh ! let him
 alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

* Lord Clare's Nephew.

But

But hang it—to poets who seldom can eat,
 Your very good mutton's a very good treat ;
 Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
 It's like fending them ruffles, who're wanting a
 shirt.

While thus I debated in reverie center'd,
 An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd himself,
 enter'd ;

An underbred, fine-spoken fellow was he,
 And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison and me.
 What have we got here ?—Why this is good
 eating !

Your own I suppose—or is it in waiting ?
 Why whose should it be ? cried I with a flounce,
 I get these things often ;—but that was a bounce :
 Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
 Are pleas'd to be kind—but I hate ostentation.

If that be the case then, cried he, very gay,
 I'm glad, I have taken this house in my way.
 To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me ;
 No words—I insist on't—precisely at three :
 We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will
 be there,
 My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my Lord
 Clare.

And, now that I think on't, as I am a finner !
 We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
 What say you—a pasty, it shall and it must,
 And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.

Here.

Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end ;
 No stirring—I beg—my dear friend—my dear
 friend !

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the
 wind,
 And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf
 And “ nobody with me at sea but myself ;”^{*}
 Tho’ I could not help thinking my gentleman
 hasty,
 Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison
 pasty,
 Were things that I never disliked in my life,
 Tho’ clogg’d with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
 So next day in due splendor to make my approach,
 I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we all were to
 dine,
 (A chair-lumber’d closet just twelve feet by nine :)
 My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite
 dumb,
 With tidings that Johnson, and Burke would not
 come,
 For I knew it, he cried, both eternally fail,
 Theonewith his speeches, and t’other with Thrale ;

^{*} See the letters that passed between his royal highness
 Henry duke of Camberland, and lady Grosvenor—1769.

But

But no matter I'll warrant we'll make up the party,
 With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
 The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,
 They're both of them merry and authors like you ;
 The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
 Some thinks he writes Cinna—he owns to Panurge.
 While thus he describ'd them by trade and by name,
 They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they came.

At the top a fried liver, and bacon were seen,
 At the bottom was tripe in a swinging tureen ;
 At the sides there was spinnage and pudding
 made hot ;

In the middle a place where the pasty—was not.
 Now, my lord, as for tripe it's my utter aversion,
 And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian ;
 So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,
 While the bacon and liver went merrily round :
 But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d Scottish
 rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and
 his brogue,

And, madam, quoth he, may this bit be my poison,
 A prettier dinner I never set eyes on ;
 Pray a slice of your liver, tho' may I be curst,
 But I've eat at your tripe till I'm ready to burst.
 The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his chocolate
 cheek,

I could dine on this tripe seven days in the week :
 I like these here dinners so pretty and small ;
 But your friend there the doctor, eats nothing at all.

O—oh !

O—oh ! quoth my friend he'll come on in a trice,
 He's keeping a corner for something that's nice :
 There's a pasty !—a pasty ! repeated the jew :
 I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.

What the deil mon, a pasty ! re-echo'd the Scot ;
 Though splitting I'll still keep a corner for that.

We'll all keep a corner, the lady cried out.

We'll all keep a corner, was echo'd about.

While thus we resolv'd, and the pasty delay'd,

With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid ;

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,

Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtain by night.

But we quickly found out, for who could mistake
 her,

That she came with some terrible news from the
 baker :

And so it fell out, for that negligent floven,

Had shut out the pasty in shutting the oven.

Sad Philomel thus—but let families drop—

And now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour mis-
 plac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste ;

You've got an odd something—a kind of discern-
 ing—

A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning ;

At least, it's your temper as very well known,

That you think very slightly of all that's your own :

So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,

You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RE-

RETALIATION:

A

P O E M.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's coffee-house.—One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and at their next meeting, produced the following poem.

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was
united ;
If our* landlord supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the
best dish :

* The master of the St. James's coffee-house where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

Our

Our † dean shall be venison, just fresh from the
plains ;

Our ‡ Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of
brains ;

Our * Will shall be wild fowl, of excellent flavour,
And † Dick with his pepper shall heighten their
favour :

Our ‡ Cumberland's sweet-bread its place shall
obtain,

And || Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :

Our § Garrick's a fallad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

† Doctor Barnard, then dean of Derry in Ireland, now
Bishop of Killaloe.

‡ Mr. Edmund Burke, member for Wendover, and one of
the greatest orators in this Kingdom.

* Mr. William Burke, late secretary to general Conway,
and member for Bedwin.

† Mr. Richard Burke, Collector of Granada.

‡ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the *West Indian*,
Fashionable Lover, the *Brothers*, and other dramatic pieces.

|| Doctor Douglas, cannon of Windsor, (now Bishop of
Carlisle) an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less dis-
tinguished himself as a *citizen of the world*, than a *sound critic*, in
detecting several literary mistakes (or rather *forgeries*) of his
countrymen ; particularly Lauder on Milton, and *Bower's*
Histroy of the Popes.

§ David Garrick, Esq ; joint patentee, and acting mana-
ger of the Theatre-royal, Drury-lane.

To

To make out the dinner full certain I am,
 That ¶ Ridge is anchovy, and ** Reynolds is lamb;
 That †† Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,
 'Till all my companions sink under the table;
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good * dean re-united to earth,
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom with
 mirth:

If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
 At least in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd 'em,
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good † Edmund, whose genius
 was such,

We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe narrow'd his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

¶ Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the
 Irish bar; the relish of whose conversation was justly com-
 pared to an anchovy.

** Sir Joshua Reynolds, president of the Royal Academy.

†† An eminent attorney.

* Vide page 232.

† Vide page 232.

Tho

Tho' fraught with all learning, yet straining his
throat,

To persuade ‡ Tommy Townshend to lend him a
vote ;

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on re-
fining,

And thought of convincing, while they thought
of dining ;

Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,

Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :

For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;

And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest * William, whose heart was
a mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that
was in't ;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,

His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,

The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home ;

Would you ask for his merits ? alas ! he had none ;

What was good was spontaneous, his faults were
his own.

‡ Mr T. Townshend, member for Whitechurch.

* Vide page 232.

Here lies honest Richard whose fate I must
figh at ;

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet !
What spirits were his ! what wit and what whim ;
† Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb ?
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball !
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all !
In short so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old
Nick ;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here ‡ Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts ;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And comedy wonders at being so fine ;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd them out,
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,
And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their own.

† Mr Richard Burke ; vide page 232. This gentleman
having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different
times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a
kind of *retributive* justice for breaking his jests on other people.

‡ Vide page 232.

Say,

Say, where has our poet this malady caught ;
 Or, wherefore his characters thus without fault ?
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
 He grew lazy at last, and drew for himself ?

Here * Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks :
 Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
 Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant
 reclines,
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own ;
 But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
 Our † Dodds shall be pious, our ‡ Kenricks shall
 lecture ;
 § Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,
 Our ¶ Townshend make speeches, and I shall
 compile ;
 New ¶ Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross
 over,
 No countryman living their tricks to discover ;

* Vide page 232.

† The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

‡ Mr. Kenrick lately read lectures at the Devil tavern, under the title of ' The School of Shakespeare.

§ James Macpherson, Esq; who lately, from the *mere force of his style*, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity.

¶ Vide page 234.

¶ Vide page 232.

Detection

Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the
dark.

Here lies * David Garrick, describe him who
can,

An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;
As an actor, confest without rival to shine ;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd, with rouge, his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he vary'd full ten times a-day :
Tho' secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleas'd he could whistle
them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
'Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

* Vide page 232.

Ye † Kenricks, ye ‡ Kellys, and || Woodfalls so
grave,

What a commerce was yours, while you got what
you gave ?

How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
rais'd,

While he was beroscious'd, and you were beprais'd,
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,

To act as an angel, and mix with the skies :

Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.

Old Shakespear, receive him, with praise and
with love,

And Beaumonts and Bens be his * Kellys above.

Here † Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant
creature,

And slander itself must allow him good nature :
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper ;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ;
I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser.

✱ Vide page 236.

‡ Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of *False Delicacy*, *Word to the wife*, *Clementina*, *School for wives*, &c.

|| Mr. William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

* Vide this page

† Vide page 233.

Too courteous perhaps, or obligingly flat ?
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that :
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
 And so was too foolishly honest ? ah no !
 Then what was his failing ? come tell it, and burn
 ye,—

He was, could he help it ? a special attorney.

Here ‡ Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my
 mind,
 He has not left a wiser, or better behind ;
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand :
 His manners were gentle, complying and bland ;
 Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard
 of hearing :
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios
 and stuff,
 He shifted his * trumpet, and only took snuff.

Vide page 233

* Sir Joshua Reynolds is so remarkably deaf as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company.

A POETICAL

A
P O E T I C A L
E P I S T L E,
From Mr. CUMBERLAND
To DR. GOLDSMITH.
Or, SUPPLEMENT *to his*
R E T A L I A T I O N

DOCTOR! according to your wishes,
You v'e character'd us all in *dishes*,
Serv'd up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematic meat:
And now it's time, I trust, you think,
Your company should have some *drink*;
Else, take my word for it, at least,
Your *Irish* friends won't like your feast,
Ring, then, and see that there is plac'd
To each according to his taste.

M

To

To *Douglas*, fraught with learned stock
 Of critic *Lore*, give ancient *Hock* ;
 Let it be genuine, bright and fine,
 Pure unadulterated wine ;
 For if there's fault in taste, or odour,
 He'll search it as he search'd out *Lauder*.

To *Johnson*, philosophic sage,
 The moral *Mentor* of the age,
 Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
 With melting heart, but look austere,
 Give liquor of an honest sort,
 And crown his cup with priestly *Port*.

Now fill the glass with gay *Champagne*,
 And frisk it in a livelier strain :
 Quick ! Quick ! the sparkling nectar quaff,
 Drink it, dear *Garrick* !—drink and laugh !

Pour forth to *Reynolds*, without stint,
 Rich *Burgundy*, of rubby tint ;
 If e'er his colours chance to fade,
 This brilliant hue shall come in aid,
 With ruddy lights refresh the faces,
 And warm the bosoms of the *Graces*.

To *Burke* a pure libation bring,
 Fresh drawn from clear *Castalian* spring.
 With civic oak the goblet bind,
 Fit emblem of his patriot mind ;
 Let *Clio* as his taster sip,
 And *Hermes* hand it to his lip.

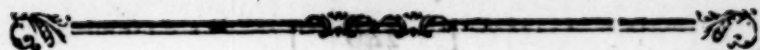
Fill up my friend, the *Dean of Derry*,
A bumper of conventual *Sherry*.

Give *Ridge* and *Hi—ky*, generous souls !
Of *Whiskey punch* convivial bowls ;
But let the kindred *Burkes* regale
With potent draughts of *Wicklow Ale* ;
To C———*k* next, in order turn you,
And grace him with the vines of *Furney*.

Now, DOCTOR, thou'rt an honest stickler,
So take your glass, and chuse your liquor ;
Wilt have it steep'd in *Alpine* snows,
Or damask'd at *Silenus'* nose ?
Will *Wakefield's* Vicar sip your tea,
Or to *Thalia* drink with me ?
And, DOCTOR, I wou'd have you know it,
An honest, I, tho' humble poet ;
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the *Dover* road ;
There traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of *French Brocade* ;
Hence, with all such ! for you and I,
By *English wares* will live and die.
Come, draw your chair and stir the fire :
Here, boy !—a pot of *Thrale's Entire* !

Will you please, the Duke of Devon
A bumper of continental
Glasgow and is
Or will you please
For the first time
With post-graduate of
To C. — I need, in order to
And grace him with the
Now, Doctor, that's an honest
To take your title, and
Will you please
Or will you please
Or to I don't drink
And, Doctor, I would have you know
An honest, I don't know
I don't know
We do drive his car
There's nothing to his country
Brought the steps of
Honor, with all that
The English were willing
Come, draw your chair and
Here, boy —

THE
THE



J U P I T E R
A N D
M E R C U R Y.

A F A B L E.

Written some time since by D. G——, Esq.

HERE *Hermes*, says *Jove*, who with nectar was
mellow,
Go fetch me some clay—I will make an *odd fellow* :
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold,
and some dross :
Without cause be he pleas'd, without cause be he
cross ;
Be sure as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth ; yet a mind turn'd to fictions ;
Now mix these ingredients, which warm'd in the
baking,
Turn to *Learning*, and *Gaming*, *Religion*, and
Raking,

With the love of a wench, let his writings be
chaste ;

Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with
fine taste,

That the Rake and the Poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail :

For the joy of each sex on the world I'll bestow it :

This *Scholar, Rake, Christian, Dupe, Gamester,*
and *Poet,*

Tho' a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals—be GOLDSMITH his
name.

When on earth this strange meteor, no more
shall appear,

You, *Hermes*, shall fetch him,—to make us sport
here !

The

*The following Jeu d'Esprit, is the production of the present DEAN of DERRY, * Dr Barnard, who advanced in conversation with Sir Joshua Reynolds and other wits, that he thought "no man could improve when he was "past the age of forty-five." Johnson (Samuel) who was in company, with his usual elegance and polished graces, immediately turned round to the facetious Dean, and told him that he was an instance to the contrary, for that there was great room for improvement in him (the Dean) and wished he'd set about it; upon which, the Dean the next day sent the following elegant bagatelle to Sir Joshua Reynolds and the same company.*

T O

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

And Co. by the

DEAN of DERRY.

I LATELY thought no man alive,
Cou'd e'er improve past forty-five,
And ventur'd to assert it;
The observation was not new,
But seem'd to me so just and true,
That none could controvert it.

* Now Bishop of Killaloe in Ireland.

" No, Sir," says Johnson, "'tis not so,
That's your mistake, and I can shew,

" An instance if you doubt it ;

" You Sir, who are near forty-eight,

" May much improve, 'tis not too late,

" I wish you'd set about it."

Encourag'd thus to mend my faults,

I turn'd his counsel in my thoughts,

Which way I should apply it ;

Learning and wit seem'd past my reach,

For who can learn when none will teach ?

And wit—I could not buy it.

Then come, my friends, and try your skill,

You can inform me if you will,

(My books are at a distance)

With you I'll live and learn, and then,

Instead of books, I shall read men,

So lend me your assistance.

Dear * Knight of Plympton, teach me how

To suffer with unruffled brow,

And smile serene like thine ;

The jest uncouth, or truth severe,

To such I'll turn my dearest ear,

And calmly drink my wine.

Thou say'st, not only skill is gain'd,

But genius too may be attain'd,

* Sir Joshua Reynolds.

By

By studious imitation ;
 Thy temper mild, thy genius fine,
 I'll copy till I make them mine,
 By constant application.

The art of pleasing, teach me, *Garrick*,
 Thou * who reverest odes Pindaric,
 A second time read o'er ;
 Oh ! cou'd we read thee backwards too,
 Last thirty years thou should'st review,
 And charm us thirty more.

If I have thoughts, and can't express 'em,
Gibbons shall teach me how to dress 'em
 In terms select and terse ;
Jones teach me modesty and Greek,
Smith how to think, *Burke* how to speak,
 And *Beauclerc* to converse.

Let *Johnson* teach me how to place,
 In fairest light each borrow'd grace ;
 From him I'll learn to write ;
 Copy his clear familiar style,
 And from the roughness of his file,
 Grow like himself—polite.

* Mr Garrick being asked to read Mr Cumberland's Odes, laughed immoderately, and affirmed, that such stuff might as well be read backwards as forwards ; and the witty Roscius accordingly read them in that manner, and wonderful to relate ! produced the same good sense and poetry as the sentimental author ever had genius to write.

By studious imitation;
 By temper mild, the genius free,
 The copy still I make from nature,
 By every sense and vision.

The art of painting, teaching, dancing,
 Then * who reverse the Hindu's
 - A second time with art;
 Oh! could we read the past words too,
 And thirty years ago the world's
 And change us thirty years.

It's have thoughts, and can't express 'em;
 O'er, shall teach me how to sing 'em.

In former times and times,
 Now teach me modern and foreign,
 Learn how to think, and how to speak,
 And backward to converse.

Let Jesus teach me how to pray,
 In faith light each narrow'd way;
 From him I learn to write,
 Copy his dear handier style,
 And from the recognition of his God,
 Grow like himself—poise.

* Mr. Goring being assisted by the Government, O'ne
 taught immediately, and all, and the first night in
 well for read backwards to forwards, and the whole
 accordingly read them in reverse, and were able to
 state I produced the same result, and gave in the form
 material which every had given to write.

D O R I N D A,

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

By Mr. FITZPATRICK.

IN that sad season when the hapless belle
With steps reluctant bids the town farewell :
When surly husbands doom th' unwilling fair
To quit St. James's for a purer air,
And, deaf to pity, from their much lov'd town
Relentless bear the beauteous exiles down
To dismal shades, through lonely groves to stray,
And sigh the summer live-long months away ;
With all the bloom of youth and beauty grac'd,
One morn DORINDA, at her toilet plac'd,
With looks intent and pensive air survey'd
The various charms her faithful glass display'd ;
Eyes, that might warm the frozen breast of age,
Or melt to tenderness the tyrant's rage ;

Smiles,

Smiles, that enchanting with resistless art,
 Stole unperceiv'd the heedless gazer's heart ;
 Dimples, where love conceal'd in ambush lay,
 To aim his arrows at the destin'd prey ;
 And lips that promis'd in each balmy kiss
 Luxurious harvests of ambrosial blifs.
 Musing she sat, and watch'd each rising grace
 That shed its lustre o'er her heav'nly face,
 Till lab'ring grief her anxious silence broke,
 And sighing thus the lovely mourner spoke :
 Were charms like these by erring nature meant
 For sober solitude and calm content ?
 Must eyes so bright be doom'd to waste their fires
 On hungry parsons and unfeeling squires ;
 Heav'n whose decrees (if true what priests have
 taught)
 Are fram'd by justice and with wisdom fraught,
 Sure ne'er created such a form as this
 For the dull purpose of domestic blifs.
 Ah ! no, these eyes were giv'n in courts to shine ;
 Shall impious man then thwart the wise design ?
 A short liv'd sway of some few years at most
 Is all, alas ! the brightest belle can boast,
 Ere yet the hand of all-devouring time
 Lay waste her graces, and destroy her prime :
 By slow degrees she feels her pow'r decay,
 And younger beauties bear the palm away.
 Whilst envious fate thus hastens to destroy
 The fleeting period of all female joy,

Shall

Shall barb'rous husbands (whose tyrannic rage
 Nor pray'rs can mitigate, nor tears assuage)
 E'en in those years while youth and beauty bloom,
 To exile half her precious moments doom?
 She goes like some neglected flow'r to fade,
 And waste her sweetness in the lonely shade,
 Till winter (so the pitying gods decree)
 Returning sets th' impatient captive free:
 Then swift emerging from the dull retreat,
 To town she flies, admiring crowds to meet:
 Her happy hours glide on from morn to night,
 One ceaseless round of exquisite delight:
 Balls, op'ras, concerts, *Almacks*, and Soho,
 By turns attended, various joys bestow:
 E'en crowded routs where dulness ever dwells,
 Can yield delight to fashionable belles.
 Old maids and prudes each night, to feed their
 spleen,
 There, seeking whom they may devour, are seen,
 And, still repining that they must be chaste,
 Would mar those pleasures they're forbid to taste:
 With envious eye the brilliant nymph they view,
 Whilst eager crowds where'er she moves pursue.
 If to the play-house she by chance repair,
 (Not oft frequented by the well bred fair)
 When through the house a solemn silence reigns,
 Each bosom feeling what the actor feigns,
 E'en in the midst of some affecting part,
 That wakes each soft emotion of the heart,

The

The doors fly open whilst the pit beneath
 Their discontent in sullen murmurs breathe :
 Forward she steps with graceful air, and spreads
 A blaze of beauty o'er their wond'ring heads :
 Pit, boxes, gall'ries, all at once concur,
 Forget the play, and fix their eyes on her.
 Scarce to the stage she turns her high-plum'd head,
 Or seems to mark one syllable that's said ;
 But careless sits, and on her arm reclin'd
 Hears civil speeches from the beaux behind ;
 Or gently listens while some well-dress'd youth
 In whisper'd accents vows eternal truth.
 Obedient still to pleasure's sprightly call
 She quits the play, and seeks the livelier ball :
 Each white glov'd beau with haste his suit prefers,
 Presents his hand, and humbly begs for hers.
 Well pleas'd she hears the suppliant crowds intreat,
 And feels the triumph of her charms complete.
 Should some blest youth be to the rest preferr'd,
 Whose vows in private are with favour heard,
 As through the dance with graceful ease she moves,
 Their meeting hands express their conscious loves,
 Malicious eyes the lover's looks restrain,
 And cold discretion seals his lips in vain ;
 The faithful hand can unobserv'd impart
 The secret feelings of a tender heart :
 And oh ! what bliss, when each alike is pleas'd !
 The hand that squeezes, and the hand that's
 squeez'd,

But

But whither, whither does my fancy roam ?
 Ah ! let me call the idle wand'rer home.
 Already *Phæbus*, with unwelcome ray,
 Has chas'd, alas ! the winter's fogs away ;
 Through the sad town, at each deserted door,
 Less frequent now the footman's thunders roar,
 And waggons loading in the dusty street,
 Forbode the horrors of a long retreat.
 Ye sister suff'rers, who must soon or late
 All share my sorrows, and partake my fate,
 Who, when condemn'd these blest abodes to quit,
 Like me may weep, but must like me submit,
 When overcome by man's superior force,
 Revenge is still the injured fair's resource :
 Revenge at least may make our suff'rings less,
 A husband's anguish sooths a wife's distress,
 When far from town, in some sequester'd spot,
 You mourn the hardship of our sex's lot,
 Ill humour, vapours, fullness and spleen,
 May add fresh horrors to the gloomy scene,
 And make the tyrants who contrive your fate
 Partake the misery themselves create.
 If, press'd by cares, they need a friend's relief,
 Be all your study to augment their grief;
 If pleas'd or gay, your utmost arts employ
 To sink their spirits and dispel their joy ;
 Oppose their projects, cross their fav'rite views,
 Their wishes frustrate, their requests refuse ;
 And make them feel that discontented wives
 Can prove the torment of their husbands lives.

VERSES.

Can prove the torment of their husband's loss
And make them feel that discontent was
Their wife's fault, that they had no other
Opportunities, cross their lives and
To take their hearts and fill their joy
If pleas'd or not, your words are empty
Be all your body to an ignorant man
If pleas'd or not, they need not know
I make the many, the many cry
At least the women who create you
Leave and with horror to the young men
In human, vapour, ill-temper and spleen
You meet in the world is often the lot
When in the world, in the world is often the lot
A woman, again, is often the lot
I charge, I charge, I charge, I charge
I charge is still the injured party
When overcome by man's superior force
Like me they weep, but must like me submit
Who, when condemn'd to this black robe to go
And then my conscience and make my face
Further the work, who is the loss of late
Looked the bottom of a long career
And against looking in the dark night
I feel frequent now the footman's shadow on
Through the hall now, at each distant door
This is a, alas! the water, the water
Alas! the water, the water, the water
But whether, whether does my heart's room

V E R S E S

Sent to a Young LADY,

With the new Edition of SHAKESPEARE.

By the Right Hon. the Earl of CARLISLE.

POET of nature, thou whose boundless art
Describ'd each power that rules the throbbing
heart,

Feign'd all that love, that glory e'er inspir'd,
That warm'd a *Romeo*, or a *Percy* fir'd,
In love's sweet cause be now thy magic try'd,
And charm with future scenes my destin'd bride,

Lo! at thy call, fiends cross the blasted heath,
And rising spectres daunt the pale Macbeth,
Who doom'd by guilt his anxious eye to cast
O'er dim futurity's untravell'd waste,
On alien brows beheld his wrested crown,
Deplor'd the past, and saw the future frown!
Oh, once again these wond'rous spells prepare,
With milder visions paint th' embodied air!
No more in caves let fires infernal glow,
Nor call thy phantoms from the world below.

In

In Laura's fight let Hymen's altar blaze,
 Let Cupid's torch diffuse its brightest rays,
 Let smiling hours in festive circles dance,
 And white-rob'd priests to meet our steps advance ;
 In distant view be love's dear pledges shown,
 And all the long succession live our own !

So, round the favour'd tomb, thy hallow'd urn,
 May ev'ry muse her vestal incense burn !
 Still may those laureat brows their honours wear,
 Secure from critics, envy, and Voltaire !
 Still on the stage thou rear'dst may Garrick stand,
 For Shakespeare's lyre obeys no other hand !
 Still sleep thy page near Laura's pillow plac'd,
 And future comments grace thee like the last !

The


The following LINES *were written upon*

MRS. C R E W E,

By the Honourable

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

WHERE the loveliest expression to features is
join'd,
By nature's most delicate pencil design'd;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the softness and feeling that dwell in the
heart;
Where in manners enchanting no blemish we
trace,
But the soul keeps the promise we had from the
face;
Sure philosophy, reason, and coldness must prove
Defences unequal to shield us from love:
Then tell me, mysterious enchanter, oh tell,
By what wonderful art, by what magical spell,
My heart is so fenc'd that for once I am wise,
And gaze without raptures on Amoret's eyes;
That my wishes which never were bounded be-
fore,
Are here bounded by friendship, and ask for no
more.——

Is't

Is't reason ? no ; that my whole life will belye,
 For who so at variance as reason and I ?
 Is't ambition that fills up each chink of my heart,
 Nor allows any softer sensation a part ?

Oh no ! for in this all the world must agree,
 One folly was never sufficient for me.

Is my mind on distress too intensely employ'd,
 Or by pleasure relax'd, by variety cloy'd ?

For like in this only, enjoyment and pain
 Both slacken the springs of those nerves which
 they strain.

That I've left each reverse that from fortune can
 flow,

That I've tasted each bliss that the happiest know,
 Has still been the whimsical state of my life,
 Where anguish and joy have been ever at strife.

But tho' vers'd in th' extremes both of pleasure
 and pain,

I am still but too ready to feel them again.

If then for this once in my life I am free,
 And escape from a snare might catch wiser than
 me ;

'Tis that beauty alone but imperfectly charms,
 For tho' brightness may dazzle 'tis kindness that
 warms :

As on suns in the winter with pleasure we gaze,
 But feel not the warmth though their splendour
 we praise,

So beauty our just admiration may claim,
 But love, and love only the heart can inflame.

RHAPSODY

RHAPSODY *on* TASTE,

*On seeing the Duchefs of DEVONSHIRE
in full Drefs.*

By LORD C——

COME, thou goddess fair and free,
Whom the meek nymph, Simplicity,
To the son of Maia bore,
And nurs'd upon th' Athenian shore,
Then to thy fire her charge resign'd,
Who to such elegance of mind
Added, whatever polish'd ease
Could give, and all the arts to please :
Whether on Reynolds (beauty's friend)
Thou biddest every grace attend ;
Or smiling doft in sportive song
Hail the great guest of Kien-long * :
Hither, various goddess, haste,
Boundless, inimitable taste,
And save those charms from fashion's tawdry reign,
Which Nature gave to Dev'n, and gave in vain—
From her cumbrous forehead tear
The architecture of her hair,

* Sir William Chambers.

But

But leave one snow-white plume to shew
 It faintly mocks the neck below—
 Snatch from her lip the immodest guile
 Of affectation's constant smile,
 And on her cheek replace the rose,
 Which, pale and wan, no longer glows
 With all that beauty, youth, and love,
 Could copy from some faint above—
 Would she promise real bliss,
 Bid her seem but what she is :
 Or, if lovelier still she'd be,
 From Granby learn to worship thee.

Lincoln's-Inn New-square.

ELEGY

E L E G Y.

Written in the Garden of a Friend.

By W. M A S O N, A. M.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bow'r
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy slumber? can the tuneful pow'r,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings?

No; if the blighting East deform'd the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy sweets exhal'd,
Still should the grove re-echo to my strain,
And friendship prompt the theme, where
beauty fail'd.

For he, whose careless art this foliage drest,
Who bade these twining braids of woodbine
bend,

He first with truth and virtue taught my breast
Where best to chuse, and best to fix a friend.

How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
What time reclin'd in Marg'ret's studious glade,
My mimic reed first tun'd the * Dorian lay,
" Unseen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn
shade !"

* Musæus, the first Poem which the author published, and written while he was a scholar of St. ——— College in Cambridge.

'Twas there we met : the muses hail'd the hour ;
 The same desires, the same ingenuous arts
 Inspir'd us both : we own'd and blest the pow'r
 That join'd at once our studies and our hearts.

O ! since those days, when science spread the feast,
 When emulative youth its relish lent,
 Say has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breast ?
 Enough : if joy was his, be mine content.

To thirst for praise his temperate youth forbore ;
 He fondly wish'd not for a poet's name,
 Much did he love the muse, but quiet more,
 And, tho' he might command, he slighted fame.

Hither in manhood's prime he wisely fled
 From all that folly, all that pride approves ;
 To this soft scene a tender partner led ;
 This laurel shade was witness to their loves.

" Begone (he cry'd) ambition's air-drawn plan ;
 " Hence with perplexing pomp's unwieldy
 wealth :

" Let me not seem, but be the happy man,
 " Possess of love, of competence, and health."

Smiling he spake, nor did the fates withstand ;
 In rural arts the peaceful moments flew :
 Say, lovely lawn ! that felt his forming hand,
 How soon thy surface shone with verdure new :

How

How soon obedient Flora brought her store,
 And o'er thy breast a shower of fragrance flung:
 Vertumnus came ; his earliest bloom he bore,
 And thy rich sides with waving purple hung :
 Then to the sight he call'd yon stately spire,
 He pierc'd th' opposing oak's luxuriant shade,
 Bade yonder crowding hawthorns low retire,
 Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.

Hail, sylvan wonders, hail ! and hail the hand
 Whose native taste thy native charms display'd,
 And taught one little acre to command
 Each envied happiness of scene and shade.

Is there a hill whose distant azure bounds
 The ample range of Scarfsdale's proud domain,
 A mountain hoar, that yon' wild peak furrounds,
 But lends a willing beauty to thy plain ?

And, lo ! in yonder path, I spy my friend ;
 He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
 Mild * as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
 At Milton's call, in Hartfield's haunts to rove.

Bless'd spirit, come ! tho' pent in mortal mould,
 I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name ;
 O come, a portion of thy bliss unfold,
 From folly's maze my wayward steps reclaim.

* See the description of the Genius of the Wood in Milton's Arcades,

For know by lot, from Jove I am the power
 Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower ;
 To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
 With ringlets quaint, &c.

Too long, alas ! my experienc'd youth,
 Misled by flatt'ring fortune's specious tale,
 Has left the rural reign of peace and truth,
 The bubbling brook, and cave, and whisp'ring
 vale.

Won to the world, a candidate for praise,
 Yet, let me boast, by no ignoble art,
 Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
 Too much its vain applause has touch'd my
 heart :

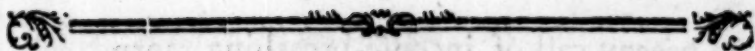
But now ere custom binds his powerful chains,
 Come from the base enchanter set me free,
 While yet my soul its first best taste retains,
 Recall that soul to reason, peace, and thee.

Teach me, like thee, to muse on nature's page,
 To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
 Each mode of being trace, and humbly sage,
 Deduce from these the genuine powers of man :
 Of man, while warm'd with reason's purer ray,
 No tool of policy, no dupe to pride ;
 Before vain science led his taste astray ;
 When conscience was his law, and God his
 guide.

This let me learn, and learning let me live
 The lesson o'er. From that great guide of truth
 O may my suppliant soul the boon receive
 To tread thro' age the footsteps of thy youth.

Written in 1758.

A N



A N

E L E G Y

Written in a COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

BY MR. GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in this narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stoke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.

The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
 If Mem'ry o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn ayle and fretted
 vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry sooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
 The little Tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command;
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbid ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd :
 Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
 deck'd,

Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unletter'd
 Muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply :
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind ?

On

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawin
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 ' Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

' One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree :
 ' Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the Lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

- ' The next with dirges due in sad array,
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him
 borne,
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'
-

The E P I T A P H.

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a
 friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father, and his God.*



A N
E L E G Y
ON CAPTAIN COOK.

By Miss SEWARD.

SORROWING, the Nine beneath yon blasted
yew

Shed the bright drops of Pity's holy dew !
Mute are their tuneful tongues, extinct their fires;
Yet not in silence sleep their silver lyres ;
To the bleak gale they vibrate sad and slow,
In deep accordance to a Nation's woe.

Ye, who ere while for Cook's illustrious brow
Pluck'd the green laurel, and the oaken bough,
Hung the gay garlands on the trophied oars,
And pour'd his fame along a thousand shores,
Strike the slow death-bell ; weave the sacred verse,
And strew the cypress o'er his honor'd hearse ;
In sad procession wander round the shrine,
And weep him mortal whom ye sung divine !

Say first, what Pow'r inspired his dauntless breast
 With scorn of danger and inglorious rest,
 To quit imperial London's gorgeous plains,
 Where, rob'd in thousand tints, bright Pleasure
 reigns ;

In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,
 And twines, 'mid wintry snows, her roseate bow'rs?
 Where Beauty moves with undulating grace,
 Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,
 On each fond Youth her soft artillery tries,
 Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes?

What Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave
 The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave?
 Climes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardors shine,
 And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line;
 The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,
 'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies?—

IT WAS HUMANITY!—on coasts unknown,
 The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,
 And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays
 “Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”
 She bade him seek;—on each inclement shore
 Plant the rich seeds of her exhaustless store;
 Unite the savage hearts, and hostile hands,
 In the firm compact of her gentle bands;
 Strew her soft comforts o'er the barren plain,
 Sing her sweet lays, and consecrate her fane.

IT WAS HUMANITY!—O Nymph divine!
 I see thy light step print the burning Line!

There

There thy bright eye the dubious pilot guides,
 The faint oar struggling with the scalding tides.—
 On as thou lead'st the bold, the glorious prow,
 Mild, and more mild, the sloping sun-beams glow;
 Now weak and pale the lessen'd lustres play,
 As round th' horizon rolls the timid day;
 Barb'd with the fleeted snow, the driving hail,
 Rush the fierce arrows of the polar gale;
 And thro' the dim, unvaried, ling'ring hours,
 Wide o'er the waves incumbent horror low'rs.

From the rude summit of yon frozen steep,
 Contrasting Glory gilds the dreary deep!
 Lo!—deck'd with vermeil youth and beamy grace,
 Hope in her step and gladness in her face,
 Light on the icy rock, with outstretch'd hands,
 The Goddess of the new Columbus stands,
 Round her bright head the plummy * Peterels soar,
 Blue as her robe, that sweeps the frozen shore;
 Glows her soft cheek, as vernal mornings fair,
 And warm as summer-suns her golden hair;
 O'er the hoar waste her radiant glances stream,
 And courage kindles in the magic beam.

* *Peterels soar.*—The peterel is a bird found in the frozen seas; its neck and tail are white, and its wings of a bright blue.

She

She points the ship its mazy path, to tread
 † The floating fragments of the frozen bed.

While o'er the deep in many a dreadful form,
 The giant Danger howls along the storm,
 Furling the † iron sails with numbed hands,
 Firm on the deck the great Adventurer stands ;
 Round glitt'ring mountains hears the billows rave,
 And the * vast ruin thunder on the wave.—

Appall'd he hears !—but checks the rising sigh,
 And turns on his firm band a glist'ning eye—
 Not for himself the sighs unbidden break,
 Amid the terrors of the icy wreck ;
 Not for himself starts the impassion'd tear,
 Congealing as it falls ; nor pain, nor fear,
 Nor Death's dread darts, impede the great design,
 Till † Nature draws the circumscribing line.

Huge

† *The floating fragments.*——“ In the course of the last twenty-four hours, we passed through several fields of broken ice ; they were in general narrow, but of considerable extent. In one part the pieces of ice were so close, that the ship had much difficulty to *thread* them.

‡ *Furling the iron sails.*——“ Our sails and rigging were so frozen, that they seemed plates of iron.”

* *And the vast ruin.*——The breaking of one of these immense mountains of ice, and the prodigious noise it made, is particularly described in Cook's second voyage to the south Pole.

† *Till Nature, &c* ——“ After running four leagues this course, with the ice on our starboard side, we found ourselves quite

Huge rocks of ice th' arrested ship embay,
 And bar the gallant Wanderer's dangerous way.
 His eye regretful marks the Goddess turn
 Th' assiduous prow from its relentless bourn.

And now antarctic Zealand's drear domain
 Frowns, and o'erhangs th' inhospitable main.
 On its chill beach this dove of human-kind
 For his long-wandering foot short rest shall find,
 Bear to the coast the † olive branch in vain,
 And quit on wearied wing the hostile plain.—
 With jealous low'r the frowning natives view
 The stately vessel, and the advent'rous crew;
 Nor fear the brave, nor emulate the good,
 But scowl with savage thirst of human blood;

And yet there were, who in this iron clime
 Soar'd o'er the herd on Virtue's wing sublime;
 Rever'd the stranger-guest, and smiling strove
 To soothe his stay with hospitable love!

quite embay'd, the ice extending from north-north-east, round by the west and south, to east, in one compact body; the weather was tolerably clear, yet we could see no end to it."

† *The olive branch.*—To carry a green branch in the hand on landing, is a pacific signal, universally understood by all the islanders in the South Seas.

Fann'd

Fann'd in full confidence the tender flame,
Join'd plighted hands, and * name exchang'd for
name.

To these the Hero leads † his living store,
And pours new wonders on th' uncultur'd shore ;
The silky fleece, fair fruit, and golden grain ;
And future herds and harvests bless the plain.
O'er the green soil his Kids exulting play,
And sounds his clarion loud the Bird of day ;
The downy Goose her ruffled bosom laves,
Trims her white wing, and wantons in the waves ;
Stern moves the Bull along th' affrighted shores,
And countless nations tremble as he roars.

So when the Daughter of eternal Jove,
And Ocean's God, to bless their Athens strove,
The massy trident with gigantic force
Cleaves the firm earth—and gives the stately
Horse ;
He paws the ground, impatient of the rein,
Shakes his high front and thunders o'er the plain.

* *And name exchang'd.*—The exchange of names is a pledge of amity among these islanders, and was frequently proposed by them to Captain Cook and his people ; so also is the joining noses.

† *His living store.*—Captain Cook left various kinds of animals upon this coast, together with garden-seeds, &c. The Zealanders had hitherto subsisted upon fish, and such coarse vegetables as their climate produced ; and this want of better provision, it is supposed, induced them to the horrid practice of eating human flesh.

Then

Then Wisdom's Goddess plants the embryo seed,
 And bids new foliage shade the sultry mead ;
 'Mid the pale green the tawny olives shine,
 And famish'd thousands bless the hand divine.

Now the warm solstice o'er the shining bay,
 Darts from the north its mild meridian ray ;
 Again the Chief invokes the rising gale,
 And spreads again in desert seas the sail ;
 O'er dangerous shoals his steady steerage keeps,
 O'er * walls of coral ambush'd in the deeps ;
 Strong Labour's hands the crackling cordage
 twine,
 And † sleepless Patience heaves the sounding-line.

On a lone beach a † rock-built temple stands,
 Stupendous pile ! unwrought by mortal hands ;
 Sublime the ponderous turrets rise in air,
 And the wide roof basaltic columns bear ;
 Thro' the long aisles the murm'ring tempests blow,
 And Ocean chides his dashing waves below,

* *Walls of coral.*—The coral rocks are described as rising perpendicularly from the greatest depths of the ocean, inso-much that the sounding-line could not reach their bottom ; and yet they were but just covered with water.—These rocks are now found to be fabricated by sea-insects.

† *And sleepless Patience.* “ We had now passed several month, with a man constantly in the chains heaving the lead.”

‡ *A rock-built temple.* “ On the part of this isle there was a solitary rock, rising on the coast with arched cavities, like a majestic temple.”

From

From this fair fane, along the silver sands,
 Two sister-virgins wave their snowy hands ;
 First * gentle Flora round her smiling brow
 Leaves of new forms, and flow'rs uncultur'd glow ;
 Thin folds of † vegetable silk, behind,
 Shade her white neck, and wanton in the wind ;
 Strange sweets where'er she turns, perfume the
 glades,
 And fruits unnam'd adorn the bending shades.
 —Next Fauna treads, in youthful beauty's pride,
 A playful ‡ Kangroo bounding by her side ;
 Around the Nymph her beauteous ‡ Pois display
 Their varied plumes, and trill the dulcet lay ;

* *First gentle Flora.* Flora is the Goddess of modern Botany, and Fauna of modern Zoology : hence the pupils of Linnaeus call their books *Flora Anglica-Fauna Danica*, &c. "The Flora of one of these islands contain'd thirty new plants."

† *Vegetable silk.* In New-Zealand is a flag of which the natives make their nets and cordage. The fibres of this vegetable are longer and stronger than our hemp and flax ; and some manufactured in London, is as white and glossy as fine silk. This valuable vegetable will probably grow in our climate.

‡ *A playful Kangroo.* The kangroo is an animal peculiar to those climates. It is perpetually jumping along on its hind legs, its fore legs being too short to be used in the manner of other quadrupeds.

‡ *Beauteous Pois.* "The poi-bird, common in those countries, has feathers of a fine mazarine blue, except those of the neck, which are of a beautiful silver grey ; and two or three short white ones, which are in the pision-joint of the wing.

A * Giant

A * Giant-bat, with leathern wings outspread,
 Umbrella light, hangs quiv'ring o'er her head.
 As o'er the cliff her graceful step she bends,
 On glitt'ring wing her insect-train attends.
 With diamond-eye her scaly tribes survey
 Their Goddess-nymph, and gambol in the spray.

With earnest gaze the still, enamour'd crew
 Mark the fair forms ; and, as they pass, pursue ;
 But round the steepy rocks, and dangerous strand,
 Rolls † the white surf, and shipwreck guards the
 land.

So, when of old, Sicilian shores along.
 Enchanting Syrens trill'd th' alluring song,
 Bound to the mast the charm'd Ulysses hears,
 And drinks the sweet tones with insatiate ears ;

Under its throat hang two little tufts of curled white feathers,
 called its *poies*, which, being the Otaheitean word for ear-
 rings, occasioned our giving that name to the bird ; which is
 not more remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, than for
 the exquisite melody of its note."

* *A Giant-bat.* The bats which Captain Cook saw in some
 of these countries were of incredible dimensions, measuring
 three feet and a half in breadth, when their wings were
 extended.

† *Rolls the white surf.* " As we passed this island, many of
 its trees had an unusual appearance, and the richness of the
 vegetation much invited our naturalists to land, but their
 earnest wishes were in vain, from the dangerous reefs and the
 violence of the surfs."

Strains

Strains the strong cords, upbraids the prosp'rous
gale,
And sighs, as Wisdom spreads the flying sail.

Now leads HUMANITY the destin'd way,
Where all the Loves in Otaheite stray.
To bid the Arts disclose their wond'rous pow'rs,
To bid the Virtues consecrate the bow'rs,
She gives her Hero to its blooming plain.—
Nor has he wander'd, has he bled in vain !
His lips persuasive charm the uncultur'd youth,
Teach Wisdom's lore, and point the path of
Truth.

See ! * chasten'd love in softer glances flows,
See ! with new fires parental duty glows.

Thou smiling Eden of the southern wave,
Could not, alas ! thy grateful wishes save
That angel-goodness, which had bless'd thy
plain ?—
Ah ! vain thy gratitude, thy wishes vain !
On a far distant, and remorseless shore,
Where human fiends their dire libations pour :
Where treachery, hov'ring o'er the blasted heath,
Poses with ghastly smile the darts of death,

* *Chasten'd love.* Captain Cook observes, in his second voyage, that the women of Otaheite were grown more modest, and that the barbarous practice of destroying their children was lessened.

Pierc'd by their venom'd points, your favourite
bleeds,

And on his limbs the lust of hunger feeds !

Thus when, of old, the Muse-born Orpheus
bore

Fair Arts and Virtues to the Thracian shore ;
Struck with sweet energy the warbling wire,
And pour'd persuasion from the immortal lyre ;
As soften'd brutes, the waving woods among,
Bow'd their meek heads, and listen'd to the song ;
Near, and more near, with rage and tumult loud,
Round the bold bard th' inebriate maniacs
crowd.—

Red on th' ungrateful soil his life-blood swims,
And Fiends and Furies tear his quiv'ring limbs !

Gay Eden of the south, thy tribute pay,
And raise, in pomp of woe, thy Cook's * Morai !
Bid mild Omiah bring his choicest stores,
The juicy fruits, and the luxuriant flow'rs ;
Bring the bright plumes, that drink the torrid ray,
And strew each lavish spoil on Cook's Morai !

* *Morai*. The Morai is a kind of funeral altar, which the people of Otaheite raise to the memory of their deceased friends. They bring to it a daily tribute of fruits, flowers, and the plumage of birds. The chief mourner wanders around it in a state of apparent distraction, shrieking furiously, and striking at intervals a shark's tooth into her head. All people fly her, as she aims at wounding not only herself but others.

Come,

Yet, tho' through life is lost each fond delight,
 Tho' set thy earthly fun in dreary night,
 Oh ! raise thy thoughts to yonder starry plain,
 And own thy sorrow selfish, weak, and vain ;
 Since, while Britannia, to his virtues just,
 Twines the bright wreath, and rears th' immortal bust ;

While on each wind of heav'n his fame shall rise,
 In endless incense to the smiling skies ;

THE ATTENDANT POWER, that bade his sails
 expand,

And waft her blessings to each barren land,
 Now raptur'd bears him to th' immortal plains,
 Where Mercy hails him with congenial strains ;
 Where soars, on Joy's white plume, his spirit
 free,

And angels choir him, while he waits for THEE.

MONODY



M O N O D Y

O N

MAJOR ANDRE.

By Miss SEWARD.

LOUD howls the storm! the vex'd Atlantic roars!
Thy Genius, Britain, wanders on its shores!
Hears cries of horror wafted from afar,
And groans of Anguish, mid the shrieks of War!
Hears the deep curses of the Great and Brave,
Sigh in the wind, and murmur on the wave!
O'er his damp brow the sable crape he binds,
And throws his * victor garland to the winds;
Bids haggard Winter in the drear sojourn,
Tear the dim foliage from her drizzling urn;
With sickly yew unfragrant cypress twine,
And hang the dusky wreath round Honour's
shrine,

* *Victor Garland.*—Alluding to the conquest by Lord Cornwallis.

Bids steel-clad Valour chase that dove-like Bride,
 Enfeebling Mercy, from his awful side;
 Where long she sat and check'd the ardent rein,
 As whirl'd his chariot o'er th' embattled plain;
 Gilded with sunny smile her April tear,
 Rais'd her white arm, and stay'd the uplifted spear;
 Then, in her place, bids Vengeance mount the car,
 And glut with gore th' insatiate Dogs of War!
 With one pale hand the * bloody scroll he tears,
 And bids his Nations blot it with their tears;
 And one, extended o'er the Atlantic wave,
 Points to his Andre's ignominious grave!

And shall the Muse, that marks the solemn
 scene,

“ As busy Fancy lifts the veil between,”
 Refuse to mingle in the awful train,
 Nor breathe, with glowing zeal the votive strain!
 From public fame shall admiration fire
 The boldest numbers of her raptur'd lyre
 To hymn a Stranger?—and with ardent lay
 Lead the wild mourner round her Cook's morai;
 While Andre fades upon his dreary bier,
 And † Julia's only tribute is her tear?
 Dear, lovely Youth! whose gentle virtues stole
 Thro' Friendship's softning medium on her soul!

* *Bloody scroll.*—The Court-Martial decree, signed at Tappan, for Major Andre's execution.

† *Julia.*—The name by which Mr. Andre address'd the Author in his correspondence with her.

Ah no!—with every strong resistless plea,
 Rise the recorded days she past with thee,
 While each dim shadow of o'er-whelming years,
 With glance reverted Eagle-memory clears.

Belov'd Companion of the fairest hours
 That rose for her in Joy's resplendent bowr's,
 How gaily shone on thy bright morn of Youth!
 The Star of Pleasure and the Sun of Truth!
 Full from their source descended on thy mind
 Each gen'rous virtue and each taste refin'd;
 Young Genius led thee to his varied fane,
 Bade thee * ask all his gifts, nor ask in vain;
 Hence novel thoughts, in ev'ry lustre drest
 Of pointed Wit, that diamond of the breast;
 Hence glow'd thy fancy with poetic ray,
 Hence music warbled in thy sprightly lay;
 And hence thy pencil, with his colours warm,
 Caught ev'ry grace, and copied ev'ry charm
 Whose transient glories beam on Beauty's cheek,
 And bid thy glowing Ivory breathe and speak.
 Blest pencil! by kind Fate ordain'd to save
 Honora's semblance from her † early grave.

Oh!

* *All his gifts*—Mr Andre had conspicuous talents for Poetry, Music, and Painting. The News-papers mentioned a satiric poem of his upon the Americans, which was supposed to have stimulated their barbarity towards him.

† *Early grave*—Miss Honora S. to whom Mr Andre's attachment was of such singular constancy, died in a consump-

Oh ! while on ‡ Julia's arm it sweetly smiles,
 And each lorn thought, each long regret beguiles,
 Fondly she weeps the hand which form'd the spell,
 Now shroudless mould'ring in its earthy cell !

But sure the Youth, whose ill-starr'd passion
 strove

With all the pangs of inauspicious Love,
 Full oft' deplor'd the fatal art that stole
 The jocund freedom of its Master's soul !

While with nice hand he mark'd the living
 grace

And matchless sweetness of Honora's face,
 Th' enamour'd Youth the faithful traces blest,
 That barb'd the dart of Beauty in his breast ;
 Around his neck th' enchanting Portrait hung,
 While a warm vow burst ardent from his tongue,
 That from his bosom no succeeding day,
 No chance should bear that talisman away.

tion a few months before he suffered death at Tappan. She had married another gentleman four years after her engagement with Mr Andre had been dissolved by parental authority.

‡ *Julia's arm*---Mr. Andre drew two miniature pictures of Miss Honora S. on his first acquaintance with her at Buxton, in the Year 1769, one for himself, the other for the author of this Poem.

* *'Twas thus Apelles*---Prior is very elegant upon this circumstance in an Ode to his Friend Mr. Howard the Painter :

'Twas

'Twas thus * Apelles bask'd in Beauty's blaze,
 And felt the mischief of the stedfast gaze ;
 Trac'd with disorder'd hand Campaspe's charms,
 And as their beams the kindling Canvas warms,
 Triumphant Love, with still superior art,
 Engraves their wonders on the Painter's heart.

Dear lost Companion ! ever constant Youth !
 That Fate had smil'd on thy unequal'd truth !
 Nor bound th' ensanguin'd laurel on that brow
 Where Love ordain'd his brightest wreath to
 glow !

Then Peace had led thee to her softest bow'rs,
 And Hymen strew'd thy path with all his flow'rs ;
 Drawn to the roof, by Friendship's silver cord,
 Each social Joy had brighten'd at thy board ;
 Science and soft affection's blended rays
 Had shone unclouded on thy lengthen'd days ;
 From hour, to hour, thy taste, with conscious pride,
 Had mark'd new talents in thy lovely Bride ;
 Till thou hadst own'd the magic of her face
 Thy fair Honora's least engaging grace.
 Dear lost Honora ! o'er thy early bier
 The Muse still sheds her ever sacred tear !—
 The blushing rose-bud in its vernal bed,
 By Zephyrs fann'd and murm'ring fountains fed,
 In June's gay morn that scents the ambient air,
 Was not more sweet, more innocent, or fair.

* 'Twas thus Apelles.—Prior is very elegant upon this circumstance in an Ode to his friend Mr. Howard the Painter:

Oh ! when such Pairs their kindred spirit find,
 When Sense and Virtue deck each spotless mind,
 Hard is the doom that shall the union break,
 And Fate's dark pinion hovers o'er the wreck.

Now Prudence in her cold and thrifty care,
 Frown'd on the Maid, and bade the youth despair;
 For Pow'r Parental sternly saw, and strove
 To tear the lilly-bands of plighted Love ;
 Nor strove in vain ; but while the fair one's sighs
 Disperse, like April-storms in sunny skies,
 The firmer Lover, with unswerving truth,
 To his first passion consecrates his youth ;
 Tho' four long years a night of absence prove,
 Yet Hope's soft Star shone trembling on his love ;
 Till * busy Rumour chas'd each pleasing dream
 And quench'd the radiance of the silver beam.

“ Honora lost !—my happy Rival's Bride !
 Swell ye full sails ! and roll thou mighty tide !
 O'er the dark waves forsaken Andre bear
 Amid the vollying thunders of the War !
 To win bright Glory from my Country's Foes,
 Ev'n in this ice of Love, my bosom glows.
 Voluptuous LONDON ! where thy turrets blaze,
 Their hundred thrones the frolic Pleasures raise ;

* *Busy Rumour*—The tidings of Honora's marriage. Upon that event Mr. Andre quitted his profession as a merchant, and joined our army in America.

Bid

Bid proud Expence Sabean odours bring,
 Nor ask her roses of the tardy Spring ;
 Where Music floats the glitt'ring roofs among,
 And with meand'ring cadence swells the song ;
 Where Painting burns the Grecian meed to claim,
 From the high temple of immortal Fame,
 Bears to the radiant goal, with ardent peace,
 Her Kauffman's beauty, and her Reynolds' grace ;
 Where Sun-clad Poetry the strain inspires,
 And soils the Grecian Harps, the Latian Lyres.

“ Ye soft'ning Luxuries ! ye polish'd Arts !
 Bend your enfeebling rays on tranquil hearts !
 I quit the Song, the Pencil, and the Lyre,
 White robes of Peace, and Pleasure's soft attire,
 To seize the Sword, to mount the rapid Car,
 In all the proud habiliments of War——
 Honora lost ! I woo a sterner Bride,
 The arm'd Bellona calls me to her side ;
 Harsh is the music of our marriage strain !
 It breathes in thunder from the western plain !
 Wide o'er the watry world its echos roll,
 And rouse each latent ardour of my soul.
 And tho' unlike the soft melodious lay,
 That gaily wak'd Honora's nuptial day,
 Its deeper tones shall whisper, ere they cease,
 More genuine transport, and more lasting peace !

“ Resolv'd I go ! nor from that fatal bourn
 To these gay scenes shall Andre's steps return !

Set is the star of Love, that ought to guide
 His refluent bark across the mighty Tide !—
 But while my country's foes, with impious hand
 Hurl o'er the subject plains the livid brand
 Of dire Sedition !—Oh ! let Heav'n ordain
 While Andre lives, he may not live in vain !

“ Yet without one kind farewell, cou'd I roam
 Far from my weeping friends, my peaceful home,
 The best affections of my heart must cease,
 And gratitude be lost, with hope, and peace !

“ My lovely Sisters ! who were wont to twine
 Your Souls soft feelings with each wish of mine,
 Shall, when this breast beats high at Glory's call,
 From your mild eyes the show'rs of Sorrow fall ?—
 The light of Excellence, that round you glows,
 Decks with reflected beams your Brother's brows !
 Oh ! may his Fame, in some distinguish'd day
 Pour on that Excellence the brightest ray !

“ Dim clouds of Woe ! ye veil each sprightly
 grace
 That us'd to sparkle in Maria's face.—
 My * tuneful Anna to her lute complains,
 But Grief's fond throbs arrest the parting strains.—
 Fair, as the silver blossom on the thorn,
 Soft as the spirit of the vernal morn,
 Louisa, chase those trembling fears, that prove
 Th' ungovern'd terrors of a Sister's love.

* *Tuneful Anna*.—Miss Anna Andre has a poetical talent.

They bend thy sweet head, like yon lucid flow'r,
That shrinks and fades beneath the summer's
show'r.

“ Oh ! smile my Sisters, on this destin'd day,
And with the radiant omen gild my way !
And thou, my Brother, gentle as the gale,
Whose breath perfumes anew the blossom'd vale,
Yet quick of Spirit, as th' electric beam,
When from the clouds its darting lightnings
stream,

Soothe with incessant care our Mother's woes,
And hush her anxious sighs to soft repose.—
And be ye sure, when distant far I stray
To share the dangers of the arduous day,
Your tender faithful amity shall rest
The * last dear record of my grateful breast.

“ Oh ! graceful Priestesses at the fane of Truth,
Friend of my Soul ! and guardian of my Youth !
Skill'd to convert the duty to the choice,
My gentle Mother ! in whose melting voice
The virtuous precept, that perpetual flow'd,
With Music warbled, and with Beauty glow'd,

* *Last dear record*,—“ I have a Mother, and three Sisters, to whom the value of my commission wou'd be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income. It is needless to be more explicit on this subject, I know your Excellency's goodness.”—See Major Andre's last letter to General Clinton, publish'd in the Gazette.

Thy

Thy tears!—ah Heav'n!—not drops of molten
lead,

Pour'd on thy hapless Son's devoted head,
With keener smart had each sensation torn!—

They wake the nerve where agonies are born!

But Oh! restrain me not! thy tender strife,
What wou'd it save?—alas! thy Andre's life!

Oh! what a weary pilgrimage 'twill prove
Strew'd with the thorns of disappointed Love!
Ne'er can he break the charm, whose fond con-
troul,

By habit rooted, lords it o'er the soul,
If here he languish in inglorious ease,
Where Science palls, and Pleasures cease to please.

'Tis Glory only, with her potent ray,
Can chase the clouds that darken all his way.

Then dry those pearly drops, that wildly flow,
Nor snatch the laurel from my youthful brow!—

The Rebel Standard blazes to the noon!

And Glory's path is bright before thy Son!

Then join thy voice! and thou with Heav'n ordain
While Andre lives, he may not live in vain!"

He says!—and sighing seeks the busy strand
Where anchor'd Navies wait the wish'd command.
To the full gale the nearer billows roar,
And proudly lash the circumscribing shore;
While furious on the craggy coast they rave,
All calm and lovely rolls the distant wave;

For

* Young.

For onward, as th' unbounded waters spread,
 Deep sink the rocks in their capacious bed,
 And all their pointed terrors utmost force,
 But gently interrupts the billows course.

So on his present hour rude passion preys !
 So smooth the prospect of his future days !
 Unconscious of the Storm, that grimly sleeps,
 To wreck its fury on th' unshelter'd Deeps !

Now yielding waves divide before the prow
 The white sails bend, the streaming pennants glow;
 And swiftly waft him to the western plain,
 Where fierce Bellona rages o'er the slain.

Firm in their strength opposing Legions stand,
 Prepar'd to drench with blood the thirsty Land.
 Now Carnage hurls her flaming bolts afar,
 And Desolation groans amid the War.
 As bleeds the Valiant, and the Mighty yield,
 Death stalks the only Victor o'er the field.

Foremost in all the horrors of the day,
 Impetuous * Andre leads the glorious way ;
 Till, rashly bold, by numbers forc'd to yield,
 They drag him captive from the long-fought field.—

* *Impetuous Andre.*—It is in this passage only that fiction has been employ'd thro' the narrative of the poem. Mr. Andre was a prisoner in America, soon after his arrival there, but the Author is unacquainted with the circumstances of the action in which he was taken.

Around

Around the Hero croud th' exulting Bands,
 And seize the spoils of War with bloody hands ;
 Snatch the dark plumage from his awful crest,
 And tear the golden crescent from his breast ;
 The sword, the tube, that wings the death from
 far,

And all the fatal implements of War !

Silent, unmov'd the gallant Youth survey'd
 The lavish spoils triumphant Ruffians made.
 The idle ornament, the useless spear
 He little recks, but oh ! there is a fear
 Pants with quick throb, while yearning sorrows
 dart

Thro' all his senses to his trembling heart.

“ What tho' Honora's voice no more shall
 charm !

No more her beamy smile my bosom warm !
 Yet from these eyes shall Force for ever tear
 The sacred Image of that Form so dear ?
 Shade * of my Love ! tho' mute and cold thy
 charms,

Ne'er hast thou blest my happy Rival's arms !

* *Shade of my Love.*—The miniature of Honora. A Letter from Major Andre to one of his Friends, written a few years ago, contain'd the following sentence. “ I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and stript of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate.”

“ To

“ To my sad heart each Dawn has seen thee
prest !

Each Night has laid thee pillow'd on my breast !
Force shall not tear thee from thy faithful shrine !
Thou ne'er wert his, and shalt be ever mine !

“ 'Tis fix'd !—these lips shall resolute inclose
The precious Soother of my ceaseless woes.
And should relentless Violence invade
This last retreat, by frantic Fondness made,
One way remains !—Fate whispers to my Soul
Intrepid * Portia and her burning coal !
So shall the throbbing Inmate of my breast
From Love's sole gift meet everlasting rest !”

While these sad thoughts in swift succession fire
The smother'd embers of each fond desire,
Quick to his mouth his eager hand removes
The beauteous semblance of the Form he loves.
That darling treasure safe, resign'd he wears
The fordid robe, the scanty viand shares ;

* *Intrepid Portia.*—

“ BRUTUS.] Impatient of my absence,
“ And grieved that young Octavius, with Mark
“ Antony
“ Had made themselves so strong, she grew distract-
“ ed,
“ And, her Attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
“ CASSIUS.] And dy'd so ?
“ BRUTUS.] Even so ?

See Shakespear's Play of Julius Cesar, Act iv. Scene iv.

With

With chearful fortitude content to wait
The barter'd ransom of a kinder fate.

Now many a Moon in her pale course had shed,
The pensive beam on Andre's captive head.
At length the Sun rose jocund to adorn
With all his splendor the enfranchis'd Morn.
Again the Hero joins the ardent Train
That pours its thousands on the tented plain ;
And shines distinguish'd in the long Array,
Bright as the silver star that leads the Day !
His modest temperance, his wakeful heed,
His silent diligence, his ardent speed,
Each warrior duty to the Veterau taught,
Shaming the vain Experience Time had brought.
Dependance scarcely feels his gentle sway,
He shares each want, and smiles each grief away ;
And to the virtues of a noble Heart
Unites the talents of inventive Art.
Thus from his swift and faithful pencil flow
The Lines, the Camp, the Fortrefs of the Foe ;
Serene to counteract each deep Design,
Points the dark Ambush, and the springing Mine ;
Till, as a breathing Incense, Andre's name
Pervades the Host, and swells the loud acclaim.

The Chief no virtue views with cold regard,
Skill'd to discern, and generous to reward ;
Each tow'ring hope his honour'd smiles impart,
As near his Person, and more near his heart

The

The graceful Youth he draws,—and round his
brow

Bids Rank and Power their mingled brilliance
throw.

Oh ! hast thou seen a blooming Morn of May
In crystal beauty shed the modest ray ?

And with its balmy dews refreshing show'r
Swell the young grain, and ope the purple flow'r ?

In bright'ning lustre reach its radiant Noon,

Rob'd in the gayest mantle of the Sun ?

Then 'mid the splendors of its azure skies,

Oh ! hast thou seen the cruel Storm arise ?

In fable horror shroud each dazzling charm,

And dash their glories back with icy arm !

Thus lower'd the deathful cloud amid the blaze
Of Andre's Destiny,—and quench'd its rays !—

Ah fatal embassy !—thy hazards dire

His kindling Soul with every ardor fire ;

Great Clinton gives it to the courage prov'd,

And the known wisdom of the Friend he lov'd.

As fair Euryalus to meet his Fate,
With Nyfus rushes from the Dardan gate,
Relentless Fate ! whose fury scorns to spare
The snowy breast, red lip, and shining hair,
So polish'd Andre launches on the waves,
Where * Hudson's tide its dreary confine laves.

* *Hudson's tide.*—Major Andre came up the Hudson River
to meet General Arnold. On his return by Land he fell into
the hands of the Enemy.

With

With firm intrepid foot the Youth explores
 Each dangerous pathway of the hostile shores;
 But no one Veteran Chief his step attends,
 As silent round the gloomy Wood he wends;
 Alone he meets the brave repentant Foe,
 Sustains his late resolve, receives his vow,
 With ardent skill directs the doubtful course,
 Seals the firm bond and ratifies its force.

'Tis thus AMERICA, thy Generals fly,
 And wave new banners in their native sky!
 Sick of the mischiefs artful Gallia pours,
 In friendly semblance on thy ravag'd shores
 Unnatural compact!—shall a Race of Slaves
 Sustain the ponderous standard Freedom waves?
 No! while their feign'd Protection spreads the
 toils,

The Vultures hover o'er the destin'd spoils!
 How fade Provincial glories, while You run
 To court far deeper bondage than you shun!
 Is this the generous active rising Flame,
 That boasted liberty's immortal name!
 Blaz'd for its rights infringing'd, its trophies torn,
 And taught the Wise the dire mistake to mourn,
 When haughty Britain, in a luckless hour,
 With rage inebriate, and the lust of pow'r,
 To fruitless conquest, and to countless graves
 Led her gay Legions o'er the western waves!
 The Fiend of Discord, cowering at the prow,
 Sat darkly smiling at th' impending woe!

Long

Long did my soul the wretched strife survey,
 And wept the horrors of the dreadful day ;
 Thro' rolling Years saw undecisive War
 Draw bleeding Wisdom at his iron Car ;
 Exhaust my Country's treasure, pour her gore
 In fruitless conflict on the distant shore ;
 Saw the firm Congress all her might oppose,
 And while I mourn'd her fate, rever'd her Foes

But when, repentant of her prouder aim,
 She gently waves the long disputed claim ;
 Extends the charter with your rights restor'd,
 And hides in olive wreaths the blood-stain'd sword.
 Then to reject her peaceful wreaths, and throw
 Your Country's freedom to our mutual Foe !
 Infatuate Land !—from that detested day
 Distracted Councils, and the thirst of Sway,
 Rapacious Avarice, Superstition vile,
 And all the *Frenchman* dictates in his guile
 Disgrace your Congress !—Justice drops her scale !
 And radiant Liberty averts her sail !
 They fly indignant the polluted plain,
 Where Truth is scorn'd and Mercy pleads in vain.

That she does plead in vain, thy witness bear,
 Accursed Hour !—Oh ! darkest of the Year !
 That with Misfortune's deadliest venom fraught
 To Tappan's Wall the gallant Andre brought,
 Snar'd in her fatal Maze, and borne away
 Of fell Revenge, in all its guilt the Prey !

Oh

Oh Washington ! I thought thee great and good
 Nor knew thy Nero-thirst of guiltless blood !
 Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
 Thou cool determin'd Murderer of the Brave !
 Lost to each fairer Virtue, that inspires
 The genuine fervor of the Patriot fires !
 And You, the base Abettors of the doom,
 That sunk his blooming honours in the tomb,
 Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts de-
 creed,

While all he ask'd was as the Brave to bleed !
 Nor other boon the glorious Youth implor'd
 Save the cold Mercy of the Warrior-Sword !
 O dark, and pitiless ! your impious hate
 O'er-whelm'd the Hero in the Ruffian's fate !
 Stopt with the * Felon-cord the rosy breath !
 And venom'd with disgrace the darts of Death !

Remorseless Washington ! the day shall come
 Of deep repentance for this barb'rous doom !
 When injur'd Andre's memory shall inspire
 A kindling Army with resistless fire ;
 Each falchion sharpen that the Britons wield,
 And lead their fiercest Lion to the field !

* *Felon-cord* ——" As I suffer in the defence of my Country
 " I must consider this hour as the most glorious of my life,
 " Remember that I die as becomes a British Officer, while
 " the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your
 Commander."

See Major Andre's last words, inserted in the General
 Evening Post, for Tuesday November 14, 1780.

Then

Then, when each hope of thine shall set in night,
 When dubious dread and unavailing flight
 Impel your Host, thy guilt-upbraided Soul
 Shall wish untouch'd the sacred Life you stole !
 And when thy Heart appall'd and vanquish'd
 Pride

Shall vainly ask the mercy they deny'd,
 With horror shalt thou meet the fate they gave
 Nor Pity gild the darkness of thy grave !
 For Infamy with livid hand shall shed
 Eternal mildew on the ruthless head !

Less cruel far than thou, on Illion's plain
 Achilles, raging for Patroclus slain !
 When hapless Priam bends the aged knee
 To deprecate the Victors dire decree,
 The Nobler Greek, in melting pity spares
 The lifeless Hector to his father's Pray'rs,
 Fierce as he was ;—'tis *Cowards* only know
 Persisting vengeance o'er a *Fallen* Foe.

But no intreaty wakes the soft remorse
 Oh murder'd Andre ! for thy sacred Corse ;
 Vain were an Army's, vain its Leaders sighs !—
 Damp in the Earth on Hudson's shore it lies !
 Unshrouded welters in the wint'ry Storm,
 And gluts the riot of the * Tappan-Worm !
 But Oh ! its dust, like Abel's blood, shall rise
 And call for justice from the angry skies !

* *Tappan*.—The place where Major Andre was executed.

What tho' the Tyrants, with malignant pride,
 To thy pale corse each decent rite deny'd !
 Thy graceful limbs in no kind covert laid,
 Nor with the Christian-Requiem sooth'd thy
 shade !

Yet on thy grass-green Bier soft April-Show'rs
 Shall earliest wake the sweet spontaneous Flow'rs !
 Bid the blue Hair-bell, and the Snow-Drop there
 Hang their cold cup, and drop the pearly tear !
 And oft, at pensive Eve's ambiguous gloom,
 Imperial Honour, bending o'er thy tomb,
 With solemn strains shall lull thy deep repose,
 And with his deathless Laurels shade thy brows !

Lamented Youth ! while with inverted spear
 The British Legions pour th' indignant tear !
 Round the dropt arm the * funeral-scarf entwine
 And in their hearts deep core thy worth enshrine;
 While my weak Muse, in fond attempt and vain,
 But feebly pours a perishable strain,
 Oh ! ye distinguish'd Few ! whose glowing lays
 Bright Phœbus kindles with his purest rays,
 Snatch from its radiant source the living fire,
 And light with † Vestal flame your ANDRE'S
 HALLOW'D PYRE !

* *Funeral-scarf*.—Our whole Army in America went into mourning for Major Andre, a distinguish'd tribute to his merit.

† *Vestal flame*.—The Vestal fire was kept perpetually burning, and originally kindled from the rays of the Sun.

ODE,

O D E

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.*

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth !
Philanthropy, benignant Power
Whose sons display no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the passing hour !
Teach me to paint, in deathless song,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whose deeds no party-rage inspire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one desire,
To echo his renown, responsive to my lyre !

* This gentleman fell a victim to his humanity for having visited a young lady at Cherfon (in European Turkey) sick of an epidemic fever, for the purpose of administering medical assistance, he caught the distemper himself, and was carried off in twelve days; Prince Potemkin on hearing of his illness, sent his Physician to his relief from Jassy.—He desired to be buried in the garden near Cherfon.

Ah !

Ah ! whither leadst thou ?—whence that sigh ?
 What sound of woe my bosom jars ?
 Why pass, where Misery's hollow eye
 Glares wildly thro' those gloomy bars ?
 Is Virtue sunk in these abodes,
 Where keen Remorse the heart corrodes ;
 Where Guilt's base blood with frenzy boils,
 And blasphemy the mournful scene embroils ?
 From this infernal gloom my shudd'ring soul
 recoils.

But whence those sudden sacred beams ?
 Oppression drops his iron rod !
 And all the bright'ning dungeon seems
 To speak the presence of a God.
 Philanthropy's descending ray
 Diffuses unexpected day !
 Loveliest of angels !—at her side
 Her favourite votary stands ; her English pride,
 Thro' Horror's mansions led by this celestial guide.

Hail ! generous HOWARD ! tho' thou bear
 A name which Glory's hand sublime
 Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
 In characters that fear not Time ;
 For thee she fondly spreads her wings ;
 For thee from Paradise she brings,
 More verdant than her laurel bough,
 Such wreaths of sacred Palm, as ne'er till now
 The smiling Serapht win'd around a mortal brow.
 That

That Hero's * praise shall ever bloom,
 Who shielded our insulted coast ;
 And launch'd his light'ning to consume
 The proud Invader's routed host.
 Brave perils rais'd his noble name :
 But thou deriv'st thy matchless fame
 From scenes where deadlier danger dwells ;
 Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
 Valor's advent'rous step from her malignant cells.

Where in the dungeon's loathsome shade,
 The speechless Captive clanks his chain,
 With heartless hope to raise that aid
 His feeble cries have call'd in vain :
 Thine eye is dumb complaint explores ;
 Thy voice his parting breath restores ;
 Thy cares his ghastly visage clear
 From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
 And to his thankful soul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or stronger Charm,
 Thy constant fortitude inspires
 In scenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
 Med'cine†, with selfish dread, retires ?
 Nor Charm, nor Drug, dispel thy fears ;
 Temperance, thy better guard, appears :
 For thee I see her fondly fill
 Her crystal cup from Nature's purest rill ;
 Chief nourisher of life ! best antidote of ill !

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

†-Mussabat tacito Medecina timore. LUCRETIVS.

I see the hallow'd shade of HALEST
 Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
 And taught the health-diffusing gales
 Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
 As thy protecting angel wait ;
 To save thee from the snares of Fate,
 Commission'd from the Eternal Throne :
 I hear him praise, in wonder's warmest tone,
 The virtues of thy heart more active than his
 own.

Thy soul supplies new funds of health
 That fail not in the trying hour,
 Above Arabia's spicy wealth
 And Pharmacy's reviving power.

† STEPHEN HALES, minister of Teddington : he died at the age of 84, 1761 ; and has been justly called " An ornament to his profession, as a clergyman, and to his country, as a philosopher." I had the happiness of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young ; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which used to animate his countenance, in relating the success of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleasure on the fortunate incident which led him to the discovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded. He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms ; his carpenter not having prepared the work so soon as he expected, he thought the season improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his house, and gave orders for their being deposited in his barn ; from their accidental position in that place, he caught his first idea of this useful invention.

The

The transports of the generous mind,
 Feeling its bounty to mankind,
 Inspirit every mortal part ;
 And, far more potent than precarious art,
 Give radiance to the eye, and vigor to the heart.

Blest HOWARD ! who like thee can feel
 This vital spring in all its force ?
 New star of philanthropic zeal ;
 Enlight'ning nations in thy course !
 And shedding Comfort's heavenly dew
 On meagre Want's deserted crew !
 Friend to the wretch, whom friends disclaim,
 Who feels stern Justice, in his famish'd frame,
 A persecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority ! unfeeling power,
 Whose iron heart can coldly doom
 The Debtor, drag'd from Pleasures bower,
 To sicken in the dungeons gloom !
 O might thy terror-striking call,
 Profusion's sons alone enthrall !
 But thou canst Want with guilt confound :
 Thy bonds the man of virtuous toil surround,
 Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

How savage are thy stern decrees ?
 Thy cruel minister I see
 A weak, laborious victim seize,
 By worth entitled to be free ;

Behold,

Behold, in the afflicting strife,
 The faithful partner of his life,
 In vain thy ruthless servant court,
 To spare her little children's sole support,
 Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their
 sport.

Nor weeps she only from the thought,
 Those infants must no longer share
 His aid, whose daily labour bought
 The pittance of their scanty fare.
 The horrors of the loathsome jail
 Her inly-bleeding heart assail:
 E'en now her fears, from fondness bred,
 See the lost partner of her faithful bed
 Drop, in that murd'rous scene, his pale, expiring
 head.

Take comfort yet in these keen pains,
 Fond mourner! check thy gushing tears!
 The dungeon now no more contains
 Those perils which thy fancy fears:
 No more Contagion's baleful breath
 Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
 HOWARD has planted safety there;
 Pure minister of light! his heavenly care
 Has purg'd the damp of Death from that pollut-
 ed air.

His

His care exulting BRITAIN found
 Here first display'd, not here confin'd !
 No single tract of earth could bound
 The active virtues of his mind.
 To all the lands where-e'er the tear,
 That mourn'd the Prisoner's wrongs severe,
 Sad Pity's glitt'ning cheek impearl'd,
 Eager he steer'd, with every sail unfurl'd,
 A friend to every clime, a Patriot of the World ?

Ye nations thro' whose fair domain
 Our flying sons of joy have past,
 By Pleasure driven with loosen'd rein,
 Astonish'd that they flew so fast !
 How did the heart-improving fight
 Awake your wonder and delight,
 When, in her unexampled chase,
 Philanthropy outstrip'd keen Pleasure's pace,
 When with a warmer soul she ran a nobler race !

Where-e'er her generous Briton went,
 Princes his supplicants became :
 He seem'd the enquiring angel, sent
 To scrutinize their secret shame *.
 Captivity, where he appear'd
 Her languid head with transport rear'd ;

* I am credibly informed that several Princes, or at least persons in authority, requested Mr. Howard not to publish a minute account of some prisons, which reflected disgrace on their government.

And gazing on her godlike guest,
 Like those of old, whom Heaven's pure servant
 blest,
 E'en by his shadow seem'd of demons dispos'd.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
 Seeing their patron pass along ;
 " O ! who is he, whose daring eye
 Can search into our hidden wrong ?
 What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
 With royal bounty unconfin'd,
 Has tempted Freedom's son to share
 These perils ; searching with an angel's care
 Each cell of dire Disease, each cavern of Despair ?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's lust,
 Nor vain ambition's restless fire,
 Nor ample power, that sacred trust !
 His life-diffusing toils inspire :
 Rous'd by no voice, save that whose cries
 Internal bid the soul arise
 From joys, that only seem to bless,
 From low pursuits, which little minds possess,
 To Nature's noblest aim, the Succour of Distress

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
 Who his celestial throne resign'd,
 To free the prison of the globe
 From vice, th' oppressor of the mind !
 For thee, of misery's rights bereft,
 For thee, Captivity ! he left

Fair

Fair Fortune's lap, who, far from coy,
 Bade him with smiles his golden hours employ
 In her delicious bower, the festive scene of joy !

While to thy virtue's utmost scope
 I boldly strive my aim to raise
 As high as mortal hand may hope
 To shoot the glittering * shaft of Praise ;
 Say ! HOWARD, say ! what may the Muse,
 Whose melting eye thy merit views,
 What guerdon may her love design !
 What may she ask for thee, from Power Divine,
 Above the rich rewards which are already thine ?

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
 Her light on philosophic thought ;
 When Genius, with keen ardor, springs
 To clasp the lovely truth he sought :
 Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
 Flows from the spirit of the lyre ;
 When Liberty and Virtue roll
 Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's soul,
 That waft his flying bark thro' seas above the pole.

* ἀνδρὰ δ' ἐγὼ κείνον

Αἰνεῖσθαι μνησινῶν, ἐλπίζομαι

Μη χαλκοπαράων ἀκούθ' ὥσπερ τ' ἀγῶ-

νος βαλεῖν ἐξω παλαπα δονεῶν. PINDAR.

Sweet the delight when the gall'd heart
 Feels Consolation's lenient hand
 Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
 With Friendship's life-supporting band !
 And sweeter still, and far above
 These fainter joys, when purest Love
 The soul his willing captive keeps !
 When he in bliss the melting spirit sleeps,
 Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he
 weeps !

But not the brightest joy, which Arts,
 In floods of mental light, bestow ;
 Nor what firm Friendship's zeal imparts,
 Blest antidote of bitterest woe !
 Nor those that Love's sweet hours dispense,
 Can equal the ecstatic sense,
 When, swelling to a fond excess,
 The grateful praises of relief'd distress,
 Re-echoed thro' the heart, the soul of Bounty
 blefs.

These transports, in no common state,
 Supremely pure, sublimely strong,
 Above the reach of envious fate,
 Blest HOWARD ! these to thee belong :
 While years increasing o'er thee roll,
 Long may this sunshine of the soul

New

New vigor to thy frame convey !
 Its radiance thro' thy noon of life display,
 And with serenest light adorn thy closing day !

And when the Power, who joys to save,
 Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven ;
 And calls the prisoners of the grave
 To all the liberty of Heaven :
 In that bright day, whose wonders blind
 The eye of the astonish'd mind ;
 When life's glad angel shall resume
 His ancient sway, announce to Death his doom,
 And from existence drive that tyrant of the tomb ;

In that blest hour when Seraphs sing
 The triumphs gain'd in human strife ;
 And to their new associates bring
 The wreaths of everlasting life :
 May'st thou in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
 Approach the Eternal fount of Praise,
 With those who lead the angelic van,
 Those pure adherents to our Saviour's plan,
 Who liv'd but to relieve the Miseries of Man !

The Editor of this Collection of Poems, having obtained the following Anecdotes of Mr. Howard, since his decease, thinks it will be a gratification to the Public by inserting them.

OF the private Life and History of this great and good man, there is but little known ; but for his public labours, he probably would have gone down the stream of life unnoticed.

Some particulars, however, have reached us, which may not be unacceptable to our readers ; of whom, we conceive, there are few who would not wish to know something of Howard. If ever there was a man who did good for the sake of doing good, that man was Howard. In this respect we know not, in this age, a man more perfectly disinterested.---To the useful purposes of philanthropy, he gave his fortune, his time, and his life !

His confidence in Divine Providence was strong, and the utility of his labours so powerfully impressed on his mind, that he permitted no amusement, nor any social pleasures to interfere with them. Howard was not a man of this world---the most rational pleasures of conversation had no charms for him ; he would go any where, or converse with any person to be informed---He seldom or ever made use of letters of recommendation to persons of consequence ; and always said, he succeeded better in his inquiries, when he was left to himself.

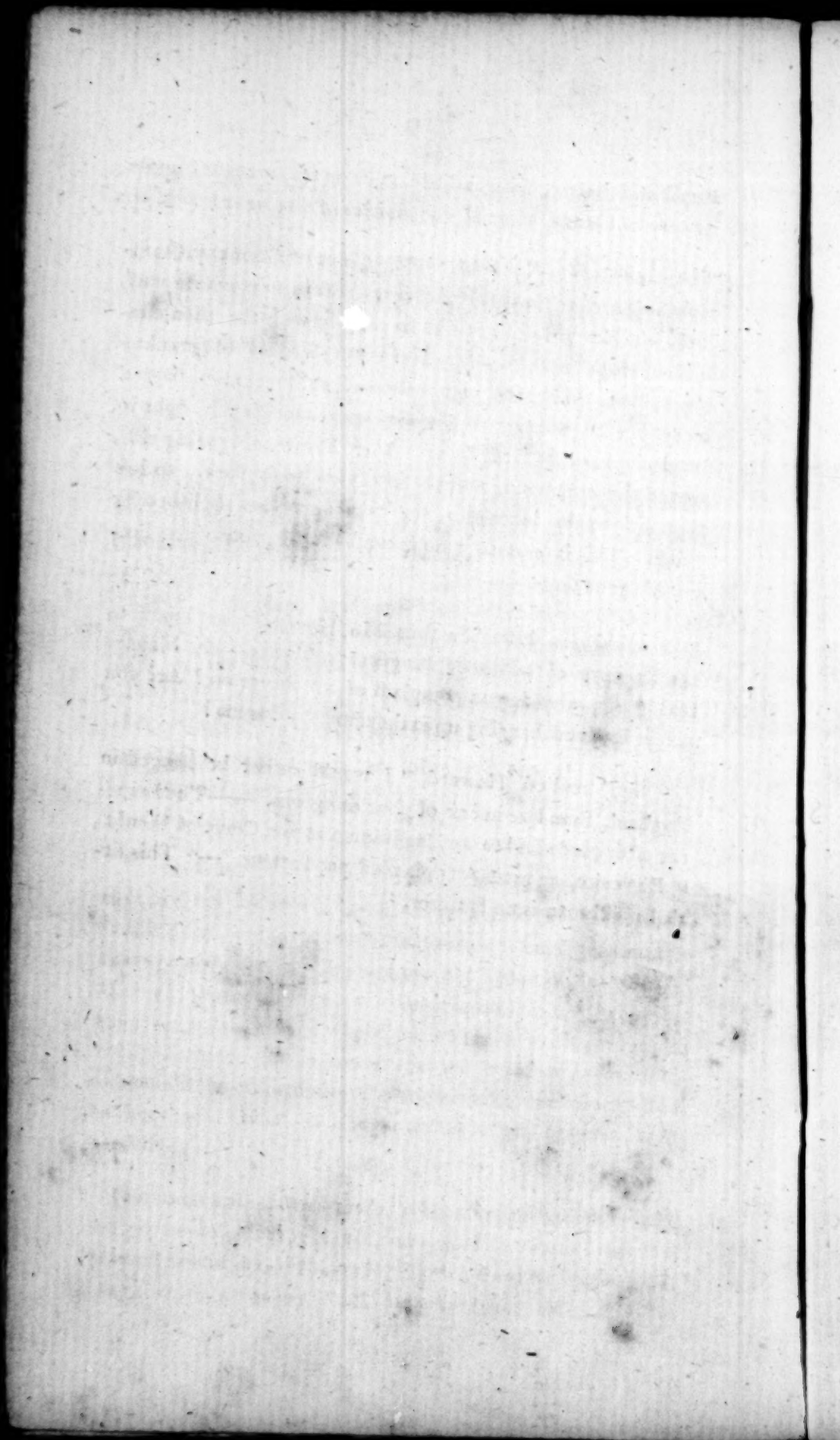
Few men had more friends, who admired and sought his company---yet, strange to ask, who of all those can boast that Howard ever dined with him ? To that meal he had an aversion ; indeed, for many years, he never tasted animal food---
Bread

Bread and butter, with a little milk or tea, a roasted apple by way of luxury, were all the articles of diet he partook of.

An anecdote of him with the Emperor of Germany, is curious.---The late Emperor was very desirous to converse with him, but Howard did not like to comply with the then established etiquette of the Imperial Court, a kind of genuflection on being presented, and in the most polite manner, begged to be excused waiting on the Emperor, thinking it right to bend the knee to God alone. The Emperor, hearing this, waved the ceremony, and the interview took place. In less than six weeks after this, the ceremony was abolished by Edict. This is certainly no inconsiderable proof of the Emperor's good sense.

It was at this interview that Mr. Howard complained to the Emperor of the horrid dungeons in Vienna---His Majesty said, "Sir, why do you complain of my dungeons? Are you not in England hanging up malefactors by dozens?"

"Sir," replied Howard, "I would rather be hanged in England, than live in one of your dungeons."---The Emperor afterwards said to an Englishman at the Court of Vienna, "En verite, ce petit Anglois n'est pas flatteur."---"This little Englishman is no flatterer."



The Death of

A L I C O,

*An African Slave, condemned for
Rebellion, in Jamaica, 1762.*

BY BRYANT EDWARDS, ESQ. of Jamaica.

'Tis past :— Ah ! calm thy * cares to rest !

Firm and unmov'd am I :—

In freedom's cause I bar'd my breast,——

In freedom's cause I die.

Ah stop ! thou dost me fatal wrong :——

Nature will yet rebel ;

For I have lov'd thee very long,

And lov'd thee very well.

* He is supposed to address his wife at the place of execution.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs,
 I soon shall wing my way ;
 Where joy shall lead the circling hours,
 Unless too long thy stay.

O speed, fair sun ! thy course divine ;
 My *Abala* remove ;——
 There thy bright beams shall ever shine,
 And I for ever love :

On these blest shores—a slave no more !
 In peaceful ease I'll stray ;
 Or rouse to chase the mountain boar,
 As unconfin'd as day !

No christian tyrant there is known
 To mark his steps with blood,
 Nor sabel mis'ry's piercing moan
 Resounds through ev'ry wood !

Yet I have heard the melting tongue,
 Have seen the falling tear ;
 Known the good heart by pity wrung,
 Ah ! ~~that such hearts are rare !~~

Now, Christian, glut thy ravish'd eyes !
 —I reach the joyful hour ;
 Now bid the scorching flames arise,
 And these poor limbs devour :

But

But know, pale tyrant, 'tis not thine
 Eternal war to wage ;
 The death thou giv'st shall but combine
 To mock thy baffled rage.

O death, how welcome to th' oppress'd !
 Thy kind embrace I crave !
 Thou bring'st to mis'ry's bosom rest,
 And freedom to the slave !



1841

Received of the Honble the Secretary of the
Board of Trade and Customs
the sum of £1000

for the purchase of
the sum of £1000
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AN
EVENING'S
CONTEMPLATION.

WRITTEN IN A GARDEN.

FLED from the dear, delusive town,
From scenes of pomp and noise,
Here undisturb'd, I'll sit me down,
And taste serener joys.

Here Happiness must ever live,
Here Heath and Peace unite,
While Art and Nature join to give
Refreshment with delight.

O lovely spot ! O blest retreat !
With constant verdure crown'd ;
Content explores thy halcyon seat,
And gladdens all around.

Thy grass-bound walks, thy gentle slopes,
Thy ivy-mantled grove,
Revive the aged's drooping hopes,
The youth's expiring love.

But

But chief this-turf clad terras charms,
 Wide opening to the view,
 Here free from tumults, rude alarms,
 The Muse is ever new.

What various objects meet the sight,
 Nor meet the sight in vain ;
 For now the near approach of Night,
 Inspires the moral strain.

How still the close of parting day !
 The sun withdraws his pow'r :
 Attend, ye thoughtless and ye gay,
 Nor dread one serious hour.

Mark, how that field (an emblem true),
 Has lost his wonted bloom ;
 For cover'd with Night's fable hue,
 It wears a mournful gloom.

The mind of Man is like the mead,
 With Sorrow's clouds deprest,
 When innocence hath ceas'd to spread
 Its sunshine o'er the breast.

See silver Thames serenely glides,
 How smooth his current flows ;
 And lulls, with gently-waving tides,
 The Mariner's repose.

Should

Should tempests rage, and winds deform,
 The waters charm no more ;
 The Sailor dreads th' impending storm,
 And glad resigns his store.

'Tis thus the nuptial state affords
 Uninterrupted joy,
 When no discordant hasty words
 The husband's peace destroy.

His leisure seeks no gay resort,
 But to his partner steals ;
 And thinks the longest day too short
 To speak the bliss he feels.

But when the gales which passions blow,
 The bosom's calm remove ;
 He flies the Fair-one's angry brow,
 And scorn succeeds to love.

Turn, and observe that lab'ring Clown,
 He digs an artful hole ;
 And puts his trap with caution down
 To catch the purblind mole.

Like him, designing men prepare
 To lure the virgin mind ;
 Then shun betimes the treach'rous snare,
 Or love will make ye blind.

Pursue,

Pursue, ye tender blooming Maids,
 The pleasing calls of youth ;
 Yet ere the Shepherd's flame invades,
 Be certain of his truth.

And now the roving eye would pass
 To yonder distant hills ;
 For having no perspective glass,
 The breast with wonder fills.

Thus narrow-sighted mortals strive,
 To fathom future fate :
 But unenlighten'd while alive,
 Their knowledge comes too late.

So all around—meads, marsh, or glades——
 Reflection won't refuse ;
 For every different objects aids
 The contemplative Muse.

But Night prevents the growing song,
 Obscuring every ray——
 Thus Death will darken all ere long,
 And close Life's little day.

ARLEY.

THE

THE
AFRICAN BOY.

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

AH, tell me, little mournful Moor,
Why still you linger on the shore ?
Haste to your play-mates, haste away,
Nor loiter here with fond delay :
When Morn unveil'd her radiant eye,
You hail'd me as I wander'd by ;
Returning at th' approaching of Eve,
Your meek salute I still receive.

Benign Enquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow :
'Tis said my Countrymen (no more
Like rav'ning sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to bless, to raise, to cheer,
And pay Compassion's long arrear.

'Tis said the num'rous Captive Train,
Late bound by the degrading Chain,
Triumphant come, with swelling sails,
'Mid smiling skies, and western gales ;
They come with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackled—minds as free ;

'They

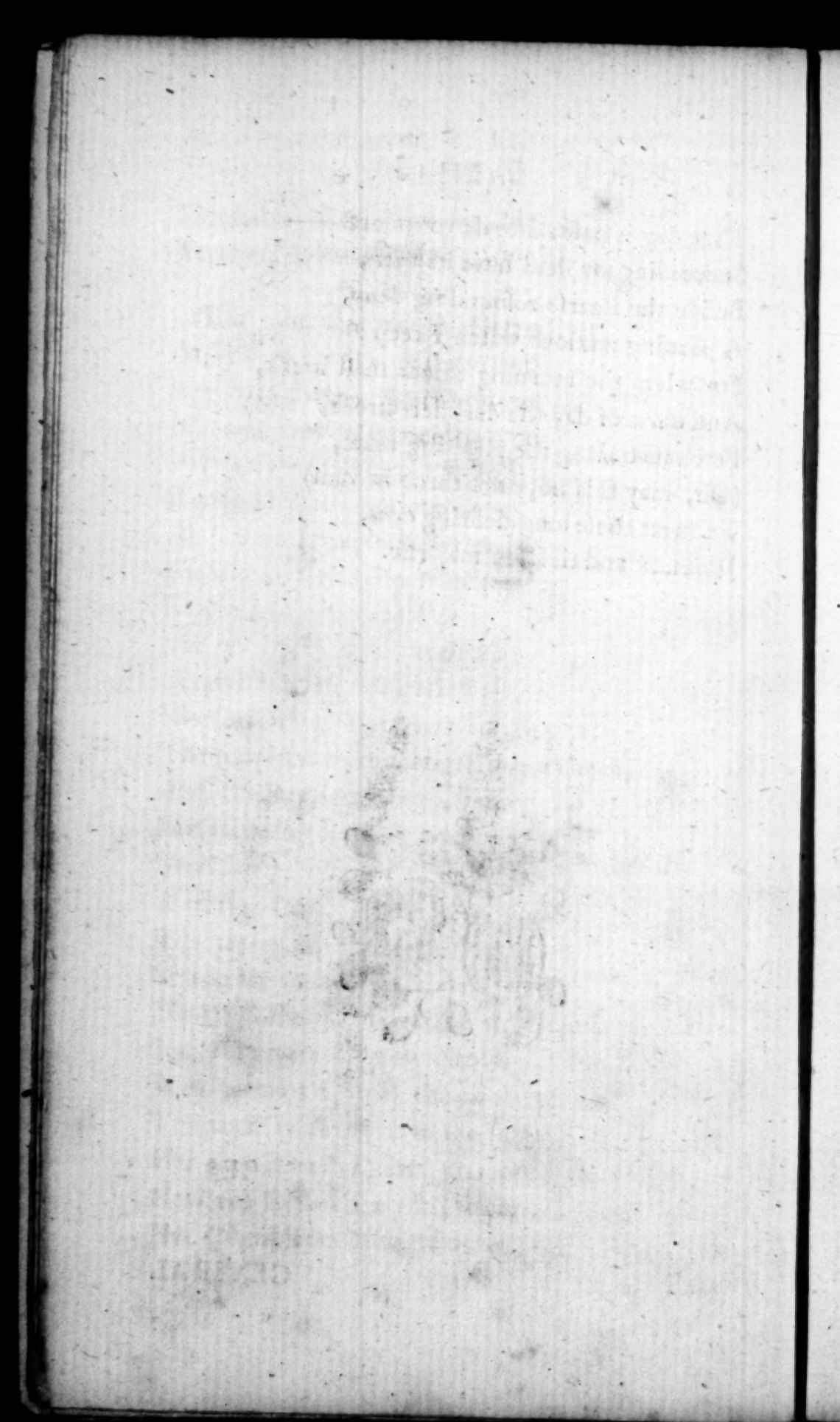
They come at Mercy's great command,
To repossess their native land.

The gales that o'er the Ocean stray,
And chase the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
JUELLEN soon will meet thine eye !
'Tis this that sooths her little Son,
Blends all its wishes into one :
Ah ! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I wou'd forgive her past disgrace :
Forgive the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r ;
Forgive her lost, distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r ,
The suppliant tears that gall'd her cheek,
And last, her agonizing shriek.
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand
Trail'd her along the flinty strand ;
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
The impious spectacle pursu'd :
Still as she mov'd, in accents wild
She cried aloud, My child ! my child !
The lofty bark she now ascends ;
With screams of woe, the air she rends:
The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more ;
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.

That

That day is past : I cease to mourn——
 Succeeding joy shall have its turn,
 Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,
 A pleasing anxious watch I keep :
 For when the morning clouds shall break,
 And darts of day the darkness streak,
 Perchance along the glitt'ring main,
 (Oh, may this hope not throb in vain)
 To meet these long-desiring eyes,
 JUELLEN and the Sun may rise.





GENERAL CONWAY'S

E L E G Y

ON THE DEATH OF

MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL,

DAUGHTER OF THE

RIGHT HON. LORD WILLIAM CAMPBELL.

SINCE 'tis the will of all-disposing Heaven,
To seize the boon its kinder hand had given ;
Whether on earth thy friendly spirit rove,
Midst the once happy partners of thy love ;
(Scenes where thy virtues reign'd, thy talents
shone,

And fond affection made each heart thy own ;)
Or, bounding swift, has wing'd its airy flight
To the pure regions of eternal light ;
Look down, fair Saint, and O, with pity see,
Where sad Remembrance lifts each thought to
thee.

Accept the heaving sigh, the trickling tear ;]
'The last, best offerings of a heart sincere.
What tho' no costly hecatombs should bleed,
Nor lengthen'd train in sable pomp succeed ;
Yet shall the sweetest flowers thy grave adorn,
Wash'd by the kindliest tears of dewy morn.

There

There shall each friend, thy heav'nly virtues made,
 With pious dirge invoke thy gentle shade ;
 Like fragrant incense the soft breath shall rise,
 And smooth thy passage to thy kindred skies.

Severely kind, O why did adverse fate
 Grant such vast bounties with so scant a date ?
 Give such sweet fragrance to this short-liv'd flower,
 The virtues of an age, to last an hour !
 It gave her wit might grace a Muse's tongue,
 The charm of numbers, and the power of song ;
 Th' angelic touch to strike the trembling string,
 And tune such notes as its own seraphs sing.
 But O ! o'er-bounteous, with that sacred art,
 It gave each nicer movement to the heart ;
 And her soft breast, with strong sensation fir'd,
 Felt the keen impulse which those arts inspir'd,
 Too great a portion of celestial flame
 Strain'd the frail texture of her weaker frame ;
 The subtile fire too pow'rful forc'd its way
 Thro' the soft yielding mould of mortal clay :
 As the clear air in crystal prison pent,
 Oft bursts its fair but brittle tenement ;
 While in the dust the glittering fragments lie,
 The purer æther gains its native sky.

Ere the stern Sisters cut the vital thread,
 I saw, and kiss'd her on the fatal bed,
 Just as her gentle spirit took its flight,
 And her faint eye-lids clos'd in endless night ;

No strong convulsions shook her parting breath ;
 No tremors mark'd the cold approach of Death :
 Her heart still heav'd, with vital spirit warm,
 And each soft feature wore its wonted charm.

Ah me ! in this perplexing maze of fate,
 This doubtful, ering, varrying, restless state ;
 Tho' guilt with swelling sail elate shall steer,
 With pomp and pleasure crown'd, its full career ;
 Tho' worth like thine no pitying power shall save,
 From sickness, pain, and an untimely grave :
 Yet stay, rash mortal, nor presume to scan,
 By thy imperfect rule th' Almighty's plan.
 O censure not his Sovereign, high behest,
 But prostrate own, whatever is, is best :
 Judgment's the part of Heaven ; Submission, thine ;
 We may lament ; but we must not repine.
 Each has his lot (for so does Heaven ordain)
 His stated share of happiness and pain :
 And mortals, best its just commands fulfil,
 When they enjoy the good, and patient bear the ill.

EPITAPH

E P I T A P H

ON MISS CAROLINE CAMPBELL.

O *Pensive* PASSENGER ! do not deny
 To pause a while, and weep upon this tomb ;
 For here the cold remains of CAMPBELL lie—
 This narrow spot the vernal Maiden's doom.

With her, alas ! the fairest talents fell—
 And now her *Harp's melodious Song* is o'er ;
 Gone is that Pulse, which PITY lov'd to swell,
 And all her Virtues are on earth no more.

Yes, she was gentle as the twilight breath,
 That on the fainting Violet's bosom blows,
 Meekly she bow'd her to the Frost of Death,
 In faded semblance of the Silver Rose.

And oft low bending o'er this hallow'd ground,
 Shall the *pure Angel*, INNOCENCE appear ;
 And FRIENDSHIP, like a *Hermit*, shall be found,
 To bathe the circling Sod with many a Tear.

A M I C U S.



F I N I S.